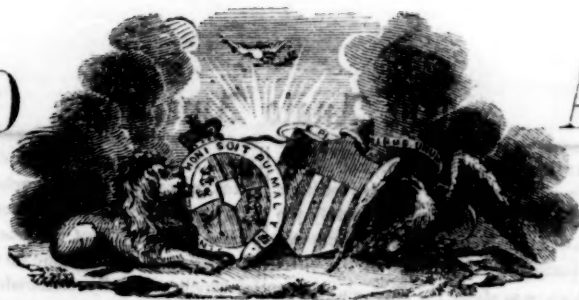


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GRACE DARLING.

The following Poem, from the pen of W. Wordsworth, Esq., has just been published.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields
The natural heart is touched, and public way
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,
Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks
Favour divine, exalting human love;
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,
Known unto few, but prized as far as known,
A single act endears to high and low
Through the whole land—to manhood, moved in spite
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous youth—
To infancy, that lisps her praise—and age
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear
Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame
Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds
Do no imperishable record find
Save in the rolls of heaven, where hers may live
A theme for angels, when they celebrate
The high-soul'd virtues which forgetful earth
Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and waves could speak
Of things which their united power call'd forth
From the pure depths of her humanity!
A maiden gentle, yet at duty's call,
Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse rear'd
On the island rock, her lonely dwelling place;
Or like the invincible rock itself that braves,
Age after age, the hostile elements,
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,
When, as day broke, the mail, through misty air,
Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf,
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—
Half of a vessel;—half—no more; the rest
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there
Had for the common safety striven in vain,
Or thither throng'd for refuge. With quick glance
Daughter and sire through optic glass discern,
Clinging about the remnant of this ship,
Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight;
For whom, belike, the old man grieves still more
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulf'd
Where every parting agony is hush'd,
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.
"But courage, father! let us out to sea—
A few may yet be saved." The daughter's words,
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,
Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack
The noble-minded mother's helping hand
To launch the boat; and, with her blessing cheer'd,
And inwardly sustain'd by silent prayer,
Together they put forth, father and child!
Each grasps an oar, and, struggling, on they go—
Rivals in effort; and, alike intent
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch
The billows lengthening, mutually cross'd
And shatter'd, and re-gathering their might;
As if the wrath and trouble of the sea
Were by the Almighty's sufferance prolong'd,
That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—
May brighten more and more!

True to the mark,
They stem the current of that perilous gorge,
Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,
Though danger, as the wreck is near'd, becomes
More imminent. Not unseen do they approach;
And rapture, with varieties of fear
Incessantly conflicting, thrill the frames
Of those who, in that dauntless energy,
Foretaste deliverance; but the least perturb'd
Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives
That of the pair—toss'd on the waves to bring
Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—
One is a woman, a poor earthly sister,
Or, be the visitant other than she seems,
A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven,
In woman's shape! But why prolong the tale,
Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts
Arm'd to repel them! Every hazard faced
And difficulty master'd, with resolve
That no one breathing should be left to perish,
This last remainder of the crew are all
Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep
Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,
And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged
Within the sheltering lighthouse.—Shout, ye waves!
Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds!
Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join!

And would that some immortal voice, a voice
Fittingly attuned to all that gratitude
Breathes out from flock or couch, through pallid lips
Of the survivors, to the clouds might bear—
(Blended with praise of that parental love,
Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew
Pious and pure, modest, and yet so brave,
Though young, so wise, though meek, so resolute)—
Might carry to the clouds, and to the stars,
Yea, to celestial choirs, GRACE DARLING'S name!

THE LAST DAYS OF PRINCES.
THE PLANTAGENETS.*

THE PLANTAGENETS! What a spirit-stirring name! To what an immense volume of events is that name an index! What a crowd of recollections, and what powerful emotions are conjured up by it, as by a spell, and how exursive does the mind become, as it passes, with a rapidity which nothing but mind can exert, over the various individuals who have borne that appellation! Amongst the great or the weak, the powerful or the imbecile, the virtuous or the vile, the warlike or the dastardly, the patriotic or the selfish, who have been rulers or chiefs in the history of the world and its transactions, where shall we find a family in which those very different and opposite qualities have been more prominently exhibited than in that of the Plantagenets? A family which for the space of six hundred years exercised an almost unlimited influence in the Frankish court, and which, during the latter half of that long period, sat as sovereigns on the throne of England;—a family, which although no longer swaying the British sceptre, is still collaterally allied to the Royal family of Great Britain, and whose blood continues to be the boast of both sovereigns and nobles in the most powerful houses of Europe.

In the pride of high birth and ancient lineage, how apt are the possessors of those boasted distinctions to look down with an air of contempt or of indignation upon the interposition of those who are only *becoming* the founders of a name, and who are the artificers of their own fortune! How do *these* gratify their vanity and spleen, when in grave language they call *these* by the term "*novi homines*," or when with sneering aspect they pronounce the aspirant for future honour and renown a "*parvenu*!" How apt are the great, of ancient houses, to disparage the judgment and spurn at the interference of one whose escutcheon cannot display a multitude of quarterings;—forgetful, meanwhile, to look back to the founders of their own name and honour, or dreading to look beyond the days in which their families first became distinguished! It may perhaps be replied that this is one of the weaknesses incidental to human nature, against which it is in vain for argument and philosophy to contend; that those who have attained greatness will certainly exert its prerogatives; that, as greatness is felt to be more exalted the fewer there are to share in it, therefore it is in the nature of things, for those who have reached the more lofty steps, to prevent the too great crowd of others upon their heels; and that, as successive generations of ennobled condition are deemed gradually to purify the plebeian blood of the first distinguished progenitor, so the new man of to-day may be the root of a proud and distinguished branch of aristocracy, to flourish and be influential in the seventh generation. Let that argument—if argument it may be deemed—remain for what it may be considered worth, and turn we now to the earliest traceable history of the mighty house which has so largely figured in the histories of France and England,—consequently in that of North America,—and whose acts in peace and in war, in policy and in jurisprudence, in judgment and in example, have done more, perhaps, both for good and for evil in the world, than any other upon record. The contemplation of the history of The Plantagenets is, in fact, a school of Ethics, affording an abundant list of examples, to illustrate the study of the human heart, and the force of circumstances.

Long before The Plantagenets had attained the distinguished surname which will live in history to the end of time, the family was remarkable in the Frankish annals for the personal valour as well for the talents in war which were the most cherished qualities of their fierce and barbarous age. Attempts have been made to trace them up, as no ignoble persons, up to the time of Charlemagne, and it has even been asserted that the celebrated Roland, one of the paladins of that court, and who figured so prominently in the well-sung battle of Roncesvalles, was either a member of the family, or at least bore the title of Count of Anjou. But it is beyond all question that a warrior in the reign of Charles the Bald had that title conferred upon him as a reward for his services towards that Frankish King during the course of his stormy reign. This same Count, known as Robert le Fort—or the strong—lost his life in an engagement against a body of those Northmen who, at that period, were infesting the northern and north-western coasts of France, and who used fearlessly and audaciously to ascend

* This work is intended as the second series of a set of papers under the general title of "The Last Days of Princes," the first series of which have been recently published in "The Lady's Companion." Each paper will be complete in itself, although connected with the entire series.

the Seine, the Loire, and other rivers on that part of the coast, where they did much mischief and carried off large booty from the interior. These Northmen were led by the celebrated Rollo, who by his persevering valour ultimately procured for himself and his followers the district of Neustria, which name was changed into that of Normandy, and Rollo became the first Duke of it.

The Kings of France at that period, which was about the beginning of the tenth century, were of the Carolingian dynasty, and they were rapidly degenerating from the great example of their distinguished founder. In short, they were either reposing in luxurious ease and scandalous effeminacy, or engaged in quarrels with one or more of the great "Dukes of France" who at that time were so powerful, restless, and ambitious. The reins of government, and, in truth, the real authority were in the hands of the functionaries known as the "Maires du Palais," whose original occupations were similar to those of *Maitre d'hotel*, *seneschal*, or *Major-domo*, but which were by degrees expanded under those degenerate princes into the actual administration of the Royal power; and the Kings of the house of Charles were, like the petty princes of modern India, contented to enjoy the shadow of power, were indulged in their ridiculous and extravagant caprices and wishes, and were exempted from all the troubles and anxieties of the Royal station. Such was the state of things until the year 987, when *Hugh Capet*, one of those six powerful "Dukes of France," holding the title of Count or Duke of Paris, and the office of *Maire du Palais* to King Louis V., surnamed the Slothful, upon the death of that feeble prince possessed himself of the actual sovereignty of which he had already the power, and, by the help of the Duke of Anjou and other nobles, was enabled to retain it permanently as the founder of the *Capetian* dynasty, which he transmitted to his successors in a direct line for three hundred and fifty years.

The house of Anjou now became highly important in France, and their territorial possessions were not only valuable in point of fertility but influential in that of position. The Counts of Anjou were favourites of the early Capetian monarchs, and soon became sensible of their position in the monarchy of France. By their aid they could do much to suppress the turbulence of the almost innumerable small princes of that country who, holding in little respect the suzerainty of the King, were well inclined to combine and make head against him whenever their whims, politics, or insolence inclined them. On the other hand, a league with the Counts of Anjou against the King was enough to make his throne totter. The house of Capet discovered that even the greatest services may be overpaid, and that a successful coadjutor may become a dangerous rival. Contests and treaties, friendships and hostilities alternately mark the history of the Kings of France in relation to the Counts of Anjou henceforth, until the latter became possessed of an independent royal crown, by the accession of Henry, son of Geoffrey Plantagenet to the throne of England.

Effects like those which have just been alluded to, furnish a clue to that conduct among mankind in general, as well as among princes in particular, which, hateful though it be in itself, and contrary to good moral principle, is unhappily blended with human notions of self-preservation. When men rise to eminence through their own honourable exertions, they feel a complacency and good-will towards the rest of mankind; but when it is the effect of faction and intrigue, and brought about by the interposition of others, the first desire of the successful man is to destroy the instrument which was so important during the operation. Hence the ingratitude of Kings, against which moralists and historians have said enough; hence that of political schemers, and schemers of all sorts, who, unscrupulously avail themselves of essential aid, and who would lop off the helping hand when its service is no longer needed. On the other hand, the ingratitude of the obliged partly recalls the convictions of power on the part of the obliger; he uses that power in self-defence, is denounced as a rebel and a traitor, and the issue is that he must either destroy or be destroyed.

The Counts of Anjou, then, continued to be a warlike race, and were constantly at feud somewhere; but they are first brought into connection with English history, by the part taken by Count Fulk, in relation to William, son of Robert, Duke of Normandy, surnamed Curthose. This most unfortunate young man, who was as certainly heir to the crown of England as any descendant of William the Conqueror could be, was alternately made the stalking-horse or the scape-goat to the French King and the Angevin count, who through him endeavoured to coerce King Henry, the *beau clerc*, whose power was becoming to them an object of jealousy. Ultimately however, Count or Earl Fulk took the cross and departed for the Holy Land, where he subsequently became King of Jerusalem. Before his departure he resigned the government of his province into the hands of his son Geoffrey, the first of the family who was called *Plantagenet*. This surname was derived from a custom of Earl Geoffrey of placing in his cap a sprig of broom (*planta genesta*) by way of cognizance in the field. Geoffrey Plantagenet had quite as much taste for political intrigue as his father, and was willing to barter social happiness for the views of ambition; history however does not paint him as so great a vacillator as his predecessor. He became the husband of Matilda, daughter of King Henry, at that period the widow of Henry V., Emperor of Germany, and subsequently he was the father of Henry Plantagenet and his brothers.

Between his French possessions and his English alliance, Geoffrey Plantagenet had now become a formidable personage; but he had paid a heavy price for it, being nothing less than all his domestic peace for the remainder of his life. The ex-empress Matilda had the most odious temper in the world, being imperious, ill-natured, headstrong, and violent. She was quite as much the plague of her father as she was of her husband; and so little had she the mastery of her disposition that, when she afterwards had to contend for her English rights against the usurper Stephen, and her natural brother, the Earl of Gloucester, had gathered around her "troops of friends," even then she could not repress the sallies of her insolence, but disgusted the very nobles who came to aid her cause. Her husband was glad to keep aloof from her, and therefore refused to accompany

her to England to assert her claims; he chose rather to march against the Normans, where he did not achieve much honour at first, but granted a truce for two years on condition of receiving five thousand marks per annum during that time. At the end of the truce, however, Plantagenet resumed the war, and in the course of a short time he reduced the greater part of Normandy, the nobles of which generally acknowledged his son Henry as their Duke. Yet still he would not join his termagant wife in England, although she earnestly entreated him to do so. After a while, he was prevailed upon to send young Henry, whose presence it was believed would rouse the loyalty of the wavering, and perhaps shake the faith of those who had hitherto adhered to Stephen; but this was not effective, because all the good which the young prince's presence was calculated to produce was counteracted by the absurd deportment of his haughty mother. Henry therefore was sent back to his father, in France, where he remained until the death of the Earl.

An important event to Henry took place about the period that he assumed the earldom; an event upon which, indirectly, all the evils that befel himself and his successors of the next two generations, ought to be placed. It would seem to have been the fashion of that age to disregard all the better feelings of the soul, in pursuit of objects of ambition and aggrandisement. Woman and her dower were made baits for alliance when the sword could not defend, or they were haughtily demanded when the sword could successfully be wielded. The time had not yet arrived, chivalrous as it is thought to have been, when the beauty and virtues of the softer sex possessed their full powers over that of the more robust, and smoothed the rugged manners of the soldier into something of the suavity of the courtier. No, the warrior wooed at the point of the sword, and his purpose was not love but ambition. Sooth to say, also,—but it is a necessary consequence,—that as the female character was not much respected, so neither did it greatly respect itself; and although instances may be adduced of most exalted exceptions, it is to be feared that whatever may be alleged of the beauty of that age, it will be best to pass over its virtues as hastily as possible.

To return to the young Plantagenet. He was hardly nineteen years of age, when, following up the *prudential* maxims of the times, he espoused Eleanor, daughter and heiress of William, Duke of Aquitaine and Earl of Poitou; true, he obtained with her an immense domain,—a territory which, together with his own earldom and its dependencies, and the Dukedom of Normandy which he possessed, rendered him more the master of one third of France than its king was of the whole dominion. But it may be said concerning him, as it might of his father—"he paid a heavy price for it." With such an inheritance in prospect she was eagerly sought in marriage by the surrounding princes, but the winner of the prize was the King of France himself, Louis VII. They were united during several years, in the course of which she gave birth to two daughters; but upon accompanying her royal consort to Palestine, her conduct became so scandalous that even the lax morality of that period could neither overlook it nor palliate it. A divorce ensued, and in order to make the act as little offensive as possible to the family of Eleanor, the cause assigned was the reproach of conscience which the parties felt for having married within the prescribed degree of propinquity. With the separation of the persons occurred the separation of dominion; Eleanor was still Countess or Duchess of Aquitaine, and this was enough to cover a multitude of sins. Instead of being shunned for her licentious conduct, she was actually beset by suitors, some of whom even waylaid her as she journeyed, attempting to carry her off and marry her by force. She escaped them all, however, and finally gave her hand to the future King of England, a mere boy in age as compared with her, who had been married to Louis full fifteen years, and yet to whom she was united within six weeks of her divorce from the French monarch.

What happiness could possibly accrue to such a union? A heartless, intriguing, ambitious woman, of uncontrollable temper, and proud of her possessions, married to a prince of half her own age, who looked upon her in no better light than as a means for his own aggrandisement, and the advancement of his own power. The sequel, a bitter sequel, will shew that from such discordant materials nothing better could arise than perpetual strife, rebellion, heart-burnings, and—a broken heart!

One of the privileges of the lord, under the feudal system, was the right of consent to the marriage of his vassals, and Louis, as the suzerain of the Duke of Normandy and Earl of Anjou, forbade Henry to marry Eleanor; for he saw, perhaps too late, how powerful that already formidable vassal would become when he should possess Aquitaine, Poitou, and Guienne, in addition to his present territories in France, and should ultimately become also monarch of England. But it was little that Henry now cared for his *liege lord*, whose authority was but in name, and Louis was obliged to content himself with the loss, whilst Henry put up with the shame.

In a short time after his marriage, the English affairs of Henry began to assume a better aspect; the hostilities between him and Stephen were concluded by an agreement which left the latter in possession of the crown for life, he then adopting Henry as his heir and successor. Stephen did not long enjoy the sovereignty undisturbed; he died in about a year afterwards, and a *Plantagenet* at length had his brows adorned with a diadem.

Thus far, then, as regards that distinguished family in its rise from a private station to the highest which can be conferred on earth. They have now to be viewed in the course of that elevated career in which the very name of Plantagenet was the highest boast of the proud man. For three hundred and thirty years that name held sway in England, and under its auspices a greater amount of benefit and of bloodshed happened to the country under their dominion, than can be said of an equal measure of time since the island was under a government at all. The successive reigns of the princes of this family are specially lessons to all generations, and although it cannot be said that "he that runs may read" them, yet they are sufficiently obvious to those who examine with attention. Our series then will commence with

HENRY II. OF ENGLAND.

HANGING, PAST AND PRESENT.

From Tait's Magazine.

There is a first floor to let, on reasonable terms, in the house of a potatoe and oatmeal merchant, in front of the principal entrance of Newgate, in the city of Dublin.

It is an airy apartment, and commands a near view of a massive iron balcony, over which two strong but hollow beams, of the same metal, project from the heavy cut-stone masonry of the prison. These beams terminate, towards the street, in a pair of grinning iron skulls, through which the ropes of the executioner were wont to run, over pulleys that flickered, like the tongues of mocking fiends, within the teeth.

The name of the modern *Tubal-Cain*, by whom this artistical piece of mechanism was put together, has not come down to posterity. Doctor Whitelaw, in his History of Dublin, strangely omits all mention of him, and of his work; which was, nevertheless, hammered on a poetical anvil, and deserves to be recorded and preserved, *in perpetuum rei memoriam*, as a monument of the old criminal law.

The person who desires to dispose of the vacant tenement opposite, is an old bachelor-looking gentleman, and dresses in a blue coat, buttoned up to the chin, with bright gilt buttons. He wears a white cravat, very yellow chamois leather gloves, carries an umbrella in all weathers, and never appears, by any chance, in a top-coat. He is an Irish philanthropist, with a great taste for the tragedy of real life, which has led him to witness every execution at Newgate—from that of Crawley the Attorney, who robbed a priest in Peter's Row, and beat out the housekeeper's brains with a cobbler's hammer, to that of the Sawyers, who suffered about the memorable year eighteen hundred and thirty-one, for murdering a master of their trade, in the street, with (*pace TEMPORUM dicatur!*)—"bats and bludgeons."

He rented these lodgings for the sole purpose of indulging his appetite for such edifying spectacles; having secured them to his own use, by lease, for the term of his natural life, at more than the present annual value of half the street, and never entered them, except to give a breakfast to the sub-sheriff, with a few select friends, on mornings marked in his calendar with the white stone of a "public example."

The blackguards of the city knew this old fellow and his peculiar taste so well, that whenever he was seen to cross Essex Bridge, from the south side of the Liffey, where he lived, and to bend his steps along Capel Street, a concourse was made towards the Eggmarket, in the assured certainty of an execution towards. "Hark to the old dancing-master!" was the cry of the whole pack; not that he was, by profession, a trainer of "the light fantastic toe;" he is, on the contrary, a man well connected, and possessed of independent means. But his passion for beholding every performance of the *grand saut* obtained for him this honorary designation. If there were a college of rope-dancers, the genius of Hibernian satire would doubtless have long since placed him, *per saltum*, amongst its highest graduates.

His favourite window is still there, with a list, chronologically arranged, of all the sufferers whom he has seen make their exit through the opposite portal, and the number of minutes and seconds, ascertained by the stop-watch, which they severally took to die, pencilled behind the shutter. The drop, too, still faces it, with its heavy iron grate flapping and creaking dolefully in the wind.

But the "old dancing-master" never comes to Green Street now. It moves his feelings too much, to see the use to which that time-honoured balcony is turned, not to speak it, profaned. For it may sometimes be seen, at summer eve, with the trap raised, (which never was raised of old, unless to give way speedily under the feet of a devoted victim,) and its floor converted into a kind of terrace for supporting flowers and boxes of mignonette. A bold swallow feathers her brood within the mouth of the counterfeited death's-head above; and at the open door, through which the almost monthly train of death itself used to pass, the gaoler's pretty daughter sits at her work, carolling a merry song, or listening to her piping blackbird, which, from its wicker cage, makes the echoes of the lonesome old street ring again with joyous melody.

The drop thus occupied, is, to my thinking, a far better admonition, to teach men justice and respect for its sacred source, than it was on that day, when Crawley stood aghast, before the hooting populace, and gave a name to *Hessian boots*, which the fashion of them could not long survive.*

But the old gentleman, who is now so anxious to part with his good-will of the window over the way, is of a directly opposite way of thinking. His imagination reverts fondly to the bright and sunny forenoon, when Bridget Buttery tottered across that fatal threshold, robed in what it would have been a comfort to her to consider her grave-clothes, and wearing a cap profusely pranked with death-knots of white ribbon.

There was a fearful and pitiable circumstance connected with that girl's case, which being well authenticated, (at least in the main facts,) I may be here pardoned for relating. She was a servant; and at the instigation of, and aided by, an elderly female, who was occasionally employed about the house, as charwoman, had murdered her mistress, a frail and beautiful young woman. The deed was executed at noon-day; and the *kind keeper* of the lady—who was a military hero—on his return to his quiet cottage, near the Royal Canal, found her body on the kitchen floor, dreadfully mangled and weltering in a pool of blood. Poor gentleman—(I wish I could remember his name.) He was shocked beyond measure.

"Keen were his pangs: but keener far to feel,"

as he felt, on rushing up stairs into the parlour, that his desk had been broken open, and a matter of twenty guineas, together with a gold watch, abstracted from it. Here was the *comble de misère*, which made his frenzy ungovernable, insomuch that his friends had to keep watch over him for several nights successively, lest a lacerated spirit should drive him to an act of pure desperation.

The horrible affair was soon bruited about the town, and our "old dancing-master" heard it, while he sat at dinner, at the table of a friend. It was communicated by the butler, who had just heard it from the boy that brought in the beer, who had it from a penny-a-line man, who was hastening with it to *The Freeman's Journal*, and by whom the additional fact was stated, that the parties were in custody and had confessed their crime.

The old man was unusually excited. The city sessions were at hand, and as the law piously ordained that murderers must die within forty-eight hours of conviction, he should not suffer the agonies of hope deferred, but at once complete his catalogue of *videnda* by the sight, as yet strange to his experience, of a young woman expiring under the gallows. "And Andrew"—said he to the butler, "you shall see it too: that is, if you have a mind yourself, and your master don't object; for I invite you to wait upon my company, at breakfast, on the morning of the execution, which cannot be delayed beyond a fortnight; and

by that means, you shall have a full view of the whole ceremonial, from a corner of one of my windows."

Andrew thanked him, and said that nothing could give him greater pleasure. "Where is the young tigress from?—Tipperary, I'll be sworn," said the dancing-master.

"I don't know that, Sir," said Andrew; "but they say she has decent people belonging to her, and does nothing but cry about her poor father."

"God pity him!" said the master of the house.

"He hardly deserves it, Sir," said the butler. "Why did not he bring up his child in the fear of God?"

"Many a worthless sucker springs from an honest stock, Andrew," meekly replied his master.

The dancing-master's anticipations were well-founded. Within a fortnight the two criminals were brought to the scaffold, and he was

"There to see."

At an early hour of the morning, he was busy setting his room to rights, when a feeble old man, of a frightened and bewildered aspect, stood before him.

"Well, Sir, your business with me?" interrogated the dancing-master.

"You said, Sir," answered the old man, "that I might see the sight, Sir, from your window."

"I really forget, Sir, I have not the pleasure—"

"Oh, Sir, don't you remember Andrew, Mr. Wilson's butler?"

"Yes; true, true. He has sent you, I presume, in his place, to lay the breakfast."

The old man spoke not. His eyes had caught a view of two ropes, with a noose and running knot upon each, that dangled, idly and "not wanted yet," from the iron death's-heads at the opposite side of the street; and he was transfixed to the spot whereon he stood, unconscious of all around him, and trembling through his whole frame, with an agony that actually shook the room. It was poor Andrew himself—not the hale, bluff, dark-haired serving-man of fifty, that he had appeared a fortnight before, but an emaciated, decrepit, miserable old man. Thirty winters appeared in that brief interval to have gone over his head,—

"Which now was white, as Apallachia's snow."

He was the father—the "poor father"—of the wretched blood-guilty young woman, whose dying throes he had been invited to witness; and he had accepted the offer—little thinking what was before him—"with pleasure!"

In less than a week after that, before the surgeons had done hacking the flesh from his daughter's bones, and passing their ribald jests over her dishonoured corpse, Andrew Buttery was flung into an unpitied grave, according to the tenor of his own harsh sentence, as being the father of such a child; done to death by the infamy of her guilt, and the shock which his parental feelings had sustained in hearing and witnessing her doom.

But that awful day, when the young murderess stood forth beside her haggard accomplice, throwing an eager and agonizing glance through the crowd, as if in quest of some person to whom her soul still clung upon earth, which person was undoubtedly the shivering old man that crouched behind the breakfast party in the first-floor window, now "to be let—" That day is chronicled in the memory of our sexagenarian galleys-fancier, as the "most interesting" point of time in the whole annals of Green Street. "How fortunate I was," he still exclaims, "to have invited Andrew to come that morning. I would not have lost that stare at the first view of the ropes, or the shudder that came over him, when *Tommy Galoin* (that was the hangman's name) stepped out to draw them straight, and rub a little soap to the nooses;—no, I would not have lost it, to see the whole of Thistlewood's gang hanged and beheaded over again." He had, in fact, taken a journey to London expressly, in order to feast his eyes upon the last-named imposing exhibition.

The late George Dunn, gaoler—or, as modern magniloquence will have it, governor—of Kilmainham, was a blunt, kind-hearted Northumbrian, who had witnessed many affecting scenes in his time. Being required to mention the incident, connected with capital punishments, which had most affected him during his long experience, he selected one so simple, and so touching, as proves him to have been possessed not only of very tender feelings, but of a most correct and delicate judgment.

At the last interview between a condemned criminal and his wife, their child—a bonny wee thing, just beginning to prattle—was playing about the cell. Her eye was caught by the glitter of the bolts which confined the father's legs, and she cried out, in blissful ignorance of their use—"Oh, daddy, daddy, what pretty things! You never wore these at home."

"Many a sad thing I have seen," said the honest gaoler, "and many a bitter cry I have heard within these walls; but never one that made me blubber like a child till then. The mother, Sir, and the poor fellow himself—Oh, Sir, it was terrible—terrible."

It is now five years since the "old dancing-master" has been seen in Green Street. His last visit was for the purpose of consulting the mortuary register, behind the shutter, on a disputed point of precedence between Crawley, of whom mention has been already made, and a poor lieutenant, named Bellamy, who, having a wife and ten children, at a time when beef was 10d. a pound, and the quarter loaf sold for 1s. 6d., was hanged for having forged a bill of exchange. The dispute ended in a bet, with an alderman of the late corporation, for a dinner, with vinous accompaniments, *ad arbitrium victoris*, for a select party. Of course, the old fellow with the chamois-leather gloves won the wager, and ordered *hung beef* for the head dish, with a variety of "things strangled" for the second course.

He now mopes about, groaning at the degeneracy of the times, almost as dolorous in look as Cruikshank's "Last Man," mounted on a crazy gibbet, and demanding of Echo—"Who'll pull my legs?" to which Echo answers—"Nobody!"

The hangman has truly declined from his high estate. One by one the jewels of his hempen coronal have been plucked away, and himself driven into a corner with the murderer and the traitor. But there he is in that corner, so intrenched and fortified by the laws of man, and by strained interpretations of the law of God, that it will take a vigorous effort yet to dislodge him.

There is this good political reason why treason should be followed by death: If convicted traitors were left unchanged, they might be released afterwards from the penalty of their misdeeds upon the success of the plot, and perhaps even rewarded, to the great scandal of constituted governments, and the encouragement of seditions yet unhatched. But from this *knot* is no release. It is *dignus vindice*, and makes sure work with the foremost and most daring spirits of a movement, however the final event may turn out. The old epigram is hereby verified—

"Treason doth never prosper: What's the reason?
When it does prosper, none dare call it treason."

Notwithstanding the eloquent homilies we so often hear from the Bench,

* An historical fact. Crawley made his last appearance before the public, in a highly polished pair of those integuments; and the grand moral effect of his punishment has been, that Hessian Boots—as often as any superannuated dandy shows so much of the *Calf* as to sport them in the streets—are to this day, cried down by the popular voice, as *Crawleys*. "See the Crawleys,—Shilloo for the man with the Crawleys!"

proceeding from the threadworn text already alluded to, it will not be denied, at this time of day, that the punishment of death, as recognised by the law of this realm, rests upon very different grounds. It is a mere question of expediency; and if the practice cannot be maintained by an appeal to its efficacy as an example, no administrator of human justice would dream of justifying himself to society, by texts of Scripture, for taking away the life of the most guilty of God's creatures. On that ground he might as well order an adulterer to be taken out beyond the walls of the city, and stoned to death by the multitude. Prove to me, then, that the hangman makes fewer murderers, and you silence me; but failing in that, don't think to knock out my brains with *The Pentateuch*.

Since the mitigation of the penal code, many crimes, of which death was the established and customary punishment, have become less frequent. Although the distresses of the people were never more severe, or more general, burglaries, robberies on the highway, and even theft—to all of which even honest minds have been prompted by want—are not so common as they were some twenty years ago. In Ireland, where the common people are in a starving condition half the year, the two first-mentioned crimes are scarcely ever attempted. Even in the heart of Tipperary, the outer door of any gentleman, who has not rendered himself obnoxious to popular vengeance, by offending against the Agrarian code of *Captain Rock*, may be left open all through the night with perfect safety; and he may himself travel unattended, at any hour, through the wildest districts, without fear of losing his money. These are very surprising facts, but their truth is notorious. I think Lord Glengall himself would not hesitate to acknowledge it. I have no theory to account for them: but it is evident, that our fathers of the past generation were mistaken in their belief, that no species of property could be secure without the safeguard of the gibbet, and that a vast quantity of blood was shed by them—legally shed, to be sure—in support of that opinion.

Not twenty years ago, I saw two young men hanged for pushing open a door, which had been purposely left unbarred to entrap them; a spade having been placed against it, in order to render just so much force necessary as would constitute the crime of burglary. They forced the door, certainly, with intent to commit a robbery, but were taken, *re infecta*, by a party of police, who lay in wait for them; and when they were placed on their trial, Lord Norbury, addressing the jury, significantly demanded—"Which of you, gentlemen, could sleep in your beds, if ruffians like these are suffered to go about the country with arms in their hands, to pillage, and, perhaps, to murder?"

Those "wretches hung, that jurymen might sleep;" but it has been since discovered, that jurymen may sleep quite as serenely, nay, more so, though burglars are only transported.

Horse-stealing was another of the crimes, of which we were told there would be no end, if the powerful sanction of the halter should be relaxed. Yet it is now a rare offence. For this, and the stealing and maiming of cattle and sheep, the gallows was an absolute decoy; and its officiating minister exercised a sort of irresistible fascination.

But *Forgery* was long the twin-brother of *Murder* on that levelling platform; with this difference, that *interest* could sometimes save a murderer, but never was suffered to prevail against the doom of a forger. The pardon of a man convicted of that offence, or the communication of his sentence to the most rigorous and severe form of secondary punishment, would have been cried down as an act of national bankruptcy, which public credit could not possibly survive. In such events, it was confidently surmised that every fellow who could write would have nothing to do but raise money in the name, and expence, of an honest man; the banks would all be ruined; the merchants would be obliged to suspend payments; and so universal a counterfeiting of *power of attorney* was to ensue, that every widow and every orphan, through the length and breadth of the land, (who had "their little all" invested in the funds,) were to be reduced inevitably to beggary.

This sort of talk kept the hinges of our Newgate balcony pretty limber for many a year; for there were innumerable forgeries and convictions took place at almost every Session. Nor in any instance, where the guilt of the party was clearly established, was the monster baffled of his prey. The execution of Doctor Dodd had effectually "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." George the Third, who possessed that sort of firmness common to some men with a pig when it is bent upon pursuing the wrong way, treated all applications for the remission of the extreme sentence, in cases of forgery, as a direct imputation on his *humanity*. "If I pardon this man, then Doctor Dodd was murdered," was his answer. He was understood to have said the same thing with regard to Peltier, a French merchant, when applied to on behalf of Dr. Dodd; and so, because those two men might have been "murdered," others must submit, without repining, to the same hard fate.

Down to Fauntleroy, those various reasons, royal, political, and mercantile, kept the system of forgery alive and active. Rogues presuming on the humane feelings of those whom they designed to cheat, and on the general sympathy created by a punishment so disproportionate to the crime, were content to run the risk of detection. Hundreds of them fell victims to their temerity; but hundreds escaped: and in the former cases the calamity was shared by the prosecutor with the victim; the indignation of society being diverted from the iniquitous law, which enacted such a savage retribution, to those who had recourse to it for protection or satisfaction.

Thus, in the case, before slightly alluded to, of Lieutenant Bellamy, the prosecutor was an attorney, rising in practice, and likely, through his connexions, to advance rapidly to affluence; but the cruelty of the law, and of the executive administration, was visited upon him. Friends looked cold; clients avoided him; and he became an obscure man, broken in spirit and broken in fortune. Yet he had not acted from vindictive motives, nor taken an unfair advantage; but the general pity for the poor culprit was turned into gall against his prosecutor. Had a punishment short of death been awarded, this man would have been applauded by those who now condemned him, not for his own fault, but for that of the hideous criminal code of England.

The blind and irrespective ruthlessness with which this particular crime was attempted to be hunted down, displays itself in a case which, unlike most instances where the crown had taken a delinquent in its toils, had a pleasing and somewhat ludicrous termination.

A simple countryman, who had acquired the dangerous accomplishments of reading and writing, having come into possession of a five-pound note, altered the five, in a rude manner, with the pen, to ten, and presented it, in that form, to be exchanged for cash, at a bank in Waterford. For this attempt, which, of course, did not succeed, he was tried and condemned to death; but the simplicity of the man was so apparent, that the jury strongly recommended him to the mercy of the crown; and the judge who presided supported the application with all his influence.

That Government, however, had a "vow in heaven" against sparing one drop of blood which the tribunals had once devoted to the altars of the *Papero-*

cracy. Several respites were granted at the earnest request of gentlemen whom it would not have been quite politic to disgust; but at last the sheriff received an official letter from the Castle, impressed with the black seal of destiny, to the following purport:—

"DUBLIN CASTLE.

"SIR,—The Lord Lieutenant has been graciously pleased further to respite the execution of the sentence of death upon Peter Walsh, condemned at the last assizes, until Saturday next, when you will proceed, without fail, to carry the sentence of the law into effect.—Your ob't serv't.,

"To the High Sheriff, City of Waterford." "A. B., Under Secretary.

"Perhaps," as the Rev. Mr. Scott would say, the supreme Disposer of events did not approve of this sort of justice. At all events, he otherwise ordained the result.

"I will—will I?" said honest Tom Backas, the sheriff, as he thrust the Under-secretary's letter into his coat-pocket; "I will see *there* hanged first." And away he went to the city gaol to break the matter as gently as possible to Peter Walsh, whom he found endeavouring to soothe the torments of "hope deferred" with a pot of porter.

"Peter," said the sheriff, "have you made your sowl?"

"The Lord be between us and harm, your honour!" said Peter. "Why would I think of the like?"

"Because you must be hanged on Saturday morning, my poor fellow, without fail."

"Is it in earnest ye are?" said Peter, dropping the porter; "or maybe you're jokin. You wor always fond of your joke, Masther Thom, ha, ha, (here he tried to laugh); but, by St. Peter, that's not a pretty subject to joke about (and he threw a fearful glance around the cell) in such an oogley place as this."

"Tis too true to put in a ballad, Peter. I have a letter from the Castle—devil burn it!—ordering me to see the job done without fail: so, send for Father Kenny, and make your peace as well as you can."

Having thus *delicately* introduced the matter to the party most nearly concerned, the worthy sheriff hastened to the gaoler, and, in terms of high indignation, communicated the substance of the Under-secretary's letter to that officer. But the gaoler received it all as a matter of business, observing, that he thought, all along, how it would end, and that they might as well have let the law take its course at first.

"Humph!" thinks the sheriff to himself; "there is not much sympathy to be looked for in this quarter: but we will try a stratagem. Pray, Master Bolton," he said aloud, "what are we to do for a hangman?"

"There is no such conveniency to be had in Waterford," said the gaoler, drily.

"And how, if we can't get one anywhere else?"

"Why, then, I suppose, the sheriff must do the business himself," replied Bolton, raising his finger and thumb to the butt of his left ear with an expressive jerk and shrug of his shoulders, and a clicking of the tongue against the palate, which is well understood in the language of pantomime.

"Very pleasant, indeed!" thought the sheriff. "But, Bolton, my dear friend, you must assist me here."

"Assist you!" said the droll; "Lord love you, I never could tie a running-knot in my life."

"Pooh! d—n it! man," said the sheriff, "don't be ridiculous. I mean, you must help me to procure an executioner. Could not you now, like an honest fellow, take my gig and drive over to Clonmel. I'm sure they have a permanent hangman on that establishment."

"Ay, but I doubt he's always engaged at home," says the gaoler.

"Well, then, say Wexford; that's but forty miles off. You'd be back in three days; quite time enough, you know: and as you understand these things much better than I do, I shall take it as a great favour if you will transact this little matter for me."

"Yes," said Bolton, "and bring the hangman back in the gig beside me? How would Mrs. Backas like that, I wonder?"

"No matter for her; I'll arrange all that. Only say you'll oblige me."

"Willingly," said Bolton, "on this condition, that you remain here and act the gaoler during my absence; for it would never do to leave things, trusting to such drunken rascals as the turnkeys."

This was what Backas expected, and indeed desired; so he was on the following morning invested with the keys, while the phlegmatic gaoler, rejoicing in any occasion of snuffing the fresh country air for a time, *solutus curis*, was trotting at the rate of ten miles an hour along the road to Wexford.

Father Kenny was closeted for a considerable part of the day with the condemned prisoner, whom he pronounced to be a true penitent; though he found it a little difficult at first to reconcile his mind to the justice of the law, which demanded the forfeiture of a life for so trifling an act as that of drawing a pen across a flimsy bit of paper. A disaffected priest was that Father Kenny, or he never could have uttered such a remark.

At midnight the prison lay in darkness. Only in the gaoler's apartment, where reclined the sheriff in his arm-chair, was a light suffered to glimmer; and that was carefully hooded from external obligation. The keys of the prison lay on a table before him, and the snoring of the turnkeys in an adjacent room satisfied him that he was alone in his glory. That, and the creaking of the drop outside the window, were the only sounds which broke the awful stillness of the prison.

He took a dark lantern and proceeded on tiptoe along the passages leading to the condemned cell. Several doors, trebly bolted and locked, had to be opened in his progress; but he accomplished all without trepidation or noise. His heart smote him not in what he had undertaken. As he passed the different cells, where the prisoners lay, he overheard many a heavy sigh through the grating of their doors; many a miserable being also he heard writhing and moaning on his straw, "in restless ecstasy;" but the man doomed to die on the following Saturday lay fast asleep. So sound and undisturbed was his slumber, that he scarcely seemed to breathe. The waking horrors of the day had exhausted him, and a kind Providence, in compensation for his previous agony, had steeped his senses in forgetfulness.

The sheriff found some difficulty in arousing him; and when he had, in some degree, brought him to his recollection, the wretch thought that he had come to demand his body, to be disposed of according to law, and he fell into a violent fit of trembling. Honest Tom, however, who had anticipated this, was provided with a restorative which even Father Mathew would scarcely condemn in such a case,—he gave poor Peter a drop out of the bottle, which had the double effect of stopping his mouth, and setting him firmly upon his legs. He then briefly explained to him that he must lose no time at his toilet, but throw on a cloak, which had been provided for the occasion, and quickly and silently follow him. In a few minutes he placed him at liberty, beyond the outer gate of the prison, and bade him God speed.

A sentinel was passing on his beat, and the dismayed wretch shrunk back

like a frightened bird to its cage; but just then the heavy drop-leaf of the gallows overhead grated harshly to the wind, and he rushed forward,—while Backas, fearful lest his agitation might betray him, cried aloud, "Good night, Doctor,—good night! and mind how you go down the hill. Fair and easy go far in a day."

At eight of the next morning, the High Sheriff was aroused from as deep and sweet a slumber, in the gaoler's bed, as that from which he had roused the condemned sleeper, and told that the prisoner had escaped. He was fined five hundred pounds; but the world prospered with him, and he could spare it.

Some years afterwards, when he related this incident, some one asked, What had become of the culprit, and whether he had ever had an opportunity of showing gratitude to his deliverer?

"He received a free pardon, through the Marquis (of Waterford), from another administration," said the worthy ex-Sheriff; "and many a warm benediction I received from his lips; but the only overt act of gratitude I can remember, was his selling me a spavined horse for twenty pounds, which, between two brothers, was not worth half the money. But, if the same thing were to be done to-morrow, and at the same cost, I would do it again. It is not for the thanks one is likely to receive from a rogue, that we should feel disposed to act a humane part; nor should his worthlessness make any difference, if the thing itself is right. I despise a man who says,—'Save a thief from the gallows, and he will pick your pocket.' Why,—let him pick it, the blackguard! if he must. He cannot rob me of the satisfaction I feel, when I recollect the night I sent Jerry Bolton on a fool's errand to Wexford, and the nice tête-à-tête he had with a hangman by his side, all the way back. Jerry was right, however, about Mrs. B. Deuce a toe would she set in that gig any more; and I had to part with it for next to nothing."

This is a long digression, almost apropos to nothing; our business being to show that the forgery trade has declined, since it ceased to be carried on in partnership with Jack Ketch as *Indorsee*. To that fact, however, the Old Bailey Annals and the Circuit Reports bear undeniable testimony. No person now objects to appear against a man who has perpetrated or attempted that description of fraud; yet the number of prosecutions falls considerably short of those which took place, when two cases of forgery out of three were allowed to escape with impunity, through the horror which men felt of imbruing their hands in blood. The witnesses felt not the least compunction in bringing forward proofs against the Reverend Doctor Bailey, the other day; nor was any sensation of pity or terror excited in the public mind, when he received sentence of transportation for life. He deserved it; and it seemed to be the general opinion, that the safety of society required it. *A la bonne heure*, then; let the reverend preacher live out his whole allotted time, and learn, at the other side of the ocean, to connect the practice of good works with the doctrines of religion. He will do no more hurt to his neighbour in this hemisphere; nor will the degraded and wretched condition, to which he has sunk himself, encourage any extravagant *roué*, lay or clerical, to tread in his footsteps, in the miserable confidence that he cannot be hanged.

Two important facts have been now ascertained and verified by experience: every other denomination and variety of crime, for which the penalty of death was formerly exacted, has abated in frequency and in atrocity, since the law has mitigated its rigour; and the crime of *Murder*, which is still punished with death, continues as frequent, and is attended by the same savage and ferocious circumstances, as ever. The terror of death does not operate in restraining men of fierce and vindictive passions, from slaking their burning hearts in blood, any more than it checked the audacity of the highwayman, or prevented the passing of forged bank-notes.

Is not this enough to prove, that executions for murder are no longer justifiable, on the only principle which could justify a resort to them by mortals? They have utterly failed, as an example, to deter those, who witness or read of them, from the commission of the same crime. That they have in many instances "put toys of desperation" in men's heads, urging them to the perpetration of deeds which, under a less violent impulse, they never would have dreamt of, is a truth authenticated in many a well-known instance. But our case is made out, without this. If the brutal exhibition of a human body, writhing on a gallows, is proved to be without effect in preventing the crime for which he suffers, we have no right to outrage public decency, and shock every pure Christian feeling by exhibiting it. What then—it is demanded—would you make no distinction between the fate of the convicted murderer and the sheep-stealer, or the forger of bank-notes? Is it consistent with your notions of justice, that a crime so abhorrent to our nature, should be marked with no darker sign of public reprobation, than offences which are only greater in degree than those of a covetous man, the gambler, or of many a "smart man" of business?

If I had a mind to retaliate upon those venerated of antiquity, I might say that the Law, in its practice as well as in its letter, for many a long year, recognised no such distinction as that which they are now such mighty sticklers for; and that those men, whose vigorous administration of justice it is so much their fashion to extol, were only beaten inch by inch from that horrid code, which levelled all distinctions, until they have but one scarlet remnant of it left to console them. But it is quite possible—without offending public morality by hiring one human butcher to destroy the life of another—to make a distinction in the punishment of wilful murder, which would mark the national abhorrence of such a crime, and render the guilty individual a terror, not to himself alone, but to the whole community.

To this end, I would suggest that a murderer, upon conviction, should be immediately cut off from all intercourse of friends and kindred. Whether his destination were a prison in his native land, or a penal colony abroad, he should be no more seen here. His removal should take place instantaneously from the dock after trial, so as not to allow him the interchange of a parting glance with the spectator. It might be worth while even to call in the aid of machinery and stage-effect, to add to the horror of his disappearance—causing him to vanish like a spectre from the sight of men. And he should be conveyed away in secret and by night-journeys to his final abode, where he should be effectually, and for ever, divorced from all that is most dear to a parent, a husband, or a friend.

The awe produced in the by-standers by that visible and sudden separation from the world, would surpass the terror of an execution, without any of its revolting and demoralising effects. Something of the kind has been tried in Tipperary within the last year; when prisoners, condemned to be transported, were taken out of their cells at midnight and sent away to a seaport, before any of the country people were aware of their intended removal. On the following market-day, when crowds of friends and sympathizers flocked into the town and found the prison empty, the spirit of defiance, which had summoned them together, was changed into dismay and grief. To have seen the absent culprits brought out and hanged, would not have daunted them at all; but the stillness and solitude of those untenanted walls struck terror into their hearts. They looked and felt, as men contemplate the deep and tranquil waters which have

swallowed up human life, and refuse to throw the inanimate form upon the surface.

Many years ago, when the present first Lord of the Treasury was Chief Secretary for Ireland, he described to the House of Commons, in very moving language, the fact of a poor woman having, with her children, thrown herself at his feet, imploring that her husband, who had been condemned and removed in that summary manner, might be brought back and hanged! Some of the senseless *claqueurs* who heard him laughed; but the Right Hon. gentleman rebuked their stupid merriment, saying, if they supposed such a strange application indicated want of affection in the person who made it, they were much mistaken; for he had never seen grief or anguish more strongly depicted in the demeanour of any human being. This is very remarkable testimony in favour of what is called Secondary Punishment.

But would this be any diminution of severity? would not many criminals, for themselves as well as their friends, welcome death as far preferable?

I have not the least doubt that it would be generally so considered. Farther, I will add, that if it were not likely to be so considered, there would be very little use in trying the experiment. But let it be recollected, that although it is not desirable to aggravate the sufferings of even the worst malefactors, it is not out of tenderness for actual murderers that these suggestions are offered. It is in mercy to those whose lives may be even now threatened, or in danger of assassination, and to whom the law as it is enforced, is no protection; nor is it in mercy to them only, but also to the reckless miscreant who meditates the blow, nothing awed or terrified by the course of punishment at present resorted to. Such a person would be much more forcibly and continually acted upon by the stern, impassive, and immovable aspect of justice, presented in this form, than as we are accustomed to see her, rushing sword in hand into the arena, destroying her victim, and then relapsing into a state of apathy and repose.

When a man of sufficiently desperate character to commit a murder has brought his mind to contemplate and resolve upon the deed, he will run chances for the final event, pretty much as the soldier in Horace calculates the fortunes of a battle:

Quid enim? concurratur; hore;

Memento cito mors venit aut victoria laeta.

He readily stakes his life against the hope of escape, or of a dropped link in the chain of evidence which may set him free; and even if he throws these calculations aside, and braces himself up for the worst, he plunges headlong down the steep with his victim, as an affair of "an hour," in which the satisfaction anticipated balances the pain.

But let him see the convicted murderer divested in a twinkling of his ruffian heroism; sucked down, as it were, into the earth from the presence of his kind for ever; borne away to a remote and inaccessible place, to drag out his lingering years in total ignorance of all things that happen in the world; denied even the gloomy comfort of learning what is thought of himself, of his crime, of his sentence, or whether people think of him at all:—Men who would face the gallows with a smile, would shrink in terror from such a living death.

But the old dancing-master plucks my sleeve and asks—"What am I to do? Consider my window in Green Street. Is there to be no respect for vested rights?"

THE TIDIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

BY STUART.

In the whole extent of the New Kent Road, and this, taking it from its extreme points, the "Elephant" and "Bricklayers' Arms," is not a short line of ground, there dwelt not a more notable woman than Mrs. Baxter. Yes, notable is the word; no other term can describe the ever-bustling, busy, managing Mrs. B., whose passion for cleaning and cleanliness was such, that no peace could be known where she abided. To be clean was not sufficient for this good lady; there was no happiness at all in that passive state; to be *cleaning* was the joy—this was her being's end and aim—the thing for which she was created—the only pleasure she could feel or understand. All her thoughts and ideas were centred here, and let the subject of conversation be what it might, if Mrs. Baxter had any share in it, to this all-engrossing passion would she contrive to turn it. Did the sun shine brightly, or the soft zephyrs come wooingly in at her window, not for a moment did she bless the bright beams which shed such radiance around, or the inspiring breeze that brought fresh health to her cheeks; she only remarked that the day was favourable for washing or for scrubbing, and forthwith her pastime commenced. In short, no Dutch frau could carry her purifying propensities to a more absurd height; and as between the sublime and the ridiculous there is but a step, so is it between cleanliness and its opposite. I have often observed that your outrageously clean subjects are not ashamed to be very dirty themselves to avoid making a dirt.

You might have known Mrs. Baxter's house from a hundred of the same size and style a mile off, such was its resplendent cleanliness, such the snowy whiteness of its steps, and the dazzling brightness of the large brass-plate that proclaimed No. — to be her residence. How often have I wished, in ascending those steps, that some other boot than mine had been destined to sully their virgin purity—a crime little short of sacrilege in Mrs. Baxter's eyes, who, if able to keep a guard over her tongue upon such occasions, would convey a bitter reproof for one's sin by despatching her luckless maid of all work to remove the obnoxious stain.

Mrs. B.'s house contained three or four sitting-rooms, yet the kitchen, to the great annoyance of her poor hard-worked maid, was the place in which she chose to take her meals. Her dining-room was large and well-furnished; but on entering it you would exclaim, Can this be an inhabited house? for not one sign of habitation was there. Curtains there were to the windows, certainly, but not put there to be drawn; for the coldest day in the depths of a Russian winter could never tempt Mrs. Baxter to see them so treated. There was a comfortable carpet, too; but, rash visitor, beware! touch not its sacred hem, for the least idea ever entertained by Mrs. B., when she laid it down, was the idea of anybody walking over it. Do you not see that India matting laid round and across the room, which, and which only is to be so profaned? There was a fine large easy chair, made in the last style of luxury and elegance, which she exultingly told every one cost fourteen guineas; but I wish you could see the black look she would have bestowed upon any one (*sposo* not excepted) who had dared to remove it from the corner she had destined to be its abiding place.

In short, Mrs. B.'s goods, like the crown jewels, were to be looked at with awe and admiration, but not to be touched; and thus her poor victim of a husband, more miserable than the traveller in an Arabian desert, who, if he does not see the element he languishes for, at least is not tantalized, pines in the midst of plenty for the common comforts of life, knowing no rest in his own well-furnished house, but in that blessed oblivion—sleep. Came he home hungry or thirsty there was nothing in his larder, Mrs. Baxter being much too clean to cook, or

allow cooking; and some excuse would always be found against drawing the strong ale, or opening a bottle of wine. Was he weary, not for worlds dared he seek repose in the inviting arm-chair, or stretch his limbs on the sofa, for he would sully this, and tumble that, and disarrange everything; and a lecture from Mrs. B. about her household goals (for such they were to her) was a thing in every way to be dreaded.

Mr. B. was as good a creature as ever lived—kind and honest, and with a heart “open as day to melting charity;” and though in his marriage with Mrs. B., love perhaps bore no very prominent part, yet the good feelings of his nature prompted him to act the part of husband, if not with éclat, at least with great propriety. The want of beauty in a wife may be forgiven, because habit so reconciles us to her personal defects, that one soon ceases to know they exist; learning may be dispensed with, for what man likes a blue of a wife! you may even love a vixen, for her heart may make amends for her temper; but who of all the sons of Eve can bear the bonds of matrimony with a cleaner!—a woman who makes her husband take off his slippers at the bottom of the stairs, and puts him to bed in a room just scrubbed, the wet boards only to walk on—her carpets, of which she possesses a store, being folded up carefully for high days and holidays.

Such was Mrs. Baxter, and I am sorry to say poor Mr. B., like the saint, who trying, impiously, to fast forty days, died on the thirty-ninth, did give up the ghost at the end of his sixth year's apprenticeship to matrimony; (had he served out the seventh, I have no doubt he would have become hardened to everything.)

A few streets off lived a very pretty widow, who was Mrs. Baxter's aversion on account of her untidiness. To try her by Mrs. B.'s standard, indeed, she was a dirty woman; for the purifications of her house were accomplished so quietly, that you might have imagined the hand of a fairy had been concerned in it. The sound of scrubbing, or the smell of suds, was never known in Mrs. Mason's house; and whenever Mr. Baxter had occasion to go there, which, as trustee for her children he was obliged to do frequently, there was such snugness and real comfort in her little dwelling; such warmth in the soft carpet, that he might press even in a dirty boot with impunity; such rest in the large arm-chair, not too fine for use, that was always wheeled to the fire for him; such true hospitality at her well-ordered table, and above all, such a charm in her own smiling and quiet deportment, that a comparison between the two ladies was the natural consequence, which comparison was not to the advantage of poor bustling Mrs. B.

I must do her spouse, however, the justice to say, that for a long time he wrestled with the feelings that had imperceptibly stolen into his heart; for a long and weary time did he plod from the City to his dinner of scraps, the Sunday's joint being always manufactured by his managing wife, who knew not *l'art de cuisine* in any but its most barbarous English forms, into compounds that defied alike his recognition and digestion; and nightly did he listen to the oft-told tale of servants' sloveliness and impertinence, till having tried every means to alter the character of his partner, and turn her thoughts to better things, in vain—and having no ambition to be immortalized in future story as a martyred Benedick—he one evening took himself off, and I am sorry to say never returned to his own tidy home!

The world—that is, the Kent Road from top to bottom, including the Paragon (for Mrs. B., being well to do, was extensively known)—of course set this step down as a moral outrage. Alas! had Mrs. Baxter paid more attention to her husband than her house—had she sought by quiet endearments, and a careful anticipation of his wants and comforts, to make him feel in the sacred retirement of home that repose the jaded mind so much requires after it's day's struggle with the world, where pangs and trials are felt that the kind husband in mercy conceals from his wife—had she done this, instead of destroying the peace of her partner by vexatious details of domestic grievances, annoying restrictions, and useless reprimands—good Mr. Baxter, I can answer for him, would have been loyal to his life's end.

Was Mrs. B. made miserable by her loss? On the contrary! Her mind was possessed by two passions—cleanliness and economy; and it had room for no more. Her rage for cleaning does not diminish as she advances in life. It was only yesterday I passed the house, and the whiteness of the steps, the dazzling brightness of the windows, and prim neatness of the little garden, where even the daisies and daffodils must be careful to grow in an orderly way, and not indulge in the wantonness of straggling over the pipe-clayed path, convinced me that “the tidiest woman in the world” still dwells there.

THE FATE OF MONSIEUR ACHILLE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

MONSIEUR ACHILLE was the richest banker in Paris. Born and bred a Jew, he had, when very young, from motives of interest, conformed to the Christian faith; he was now about forty years of age, but looked some years less, short, stout, sallow, with the features peculiar to his tribe, black hair, bushy whiskers, small piercing eyes, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, surrounded by every article of taste and luxury,—in all extraneous circumstances, a gentleman and a “*bel esprit*,” but in mind and heart, as in face and person, a Jew and a plebeian.

One morning at the early hour of eleven, while seated at breakfast, he was startled by an announcement from his valet that the Duchess de Montifiore was waiting to see him in the grand saloon; that she had come on foot, and unattended, and had only at last given her name when she found it impossible to obtain admission without doing so.

Monsieur Achille's pale cheek flushed, then faded to a double sallowness, then he smiled, then almost trembled,—at last, he desired his valet to return to the Duchess, and announce his speedy arrival; then having carefully revised his toilet, and fortified himself with a glass from one of the bottles of liqueur on the table before him, he descended to the grand saloon.

The Duchess was standing with her back to him, examining a picture of exquisite beauty, which hung on the opposite side of the room; he had time to close the door and advance half way up the apartment before she became aware of his entrance or turned to greet him. When she did so, what a contrast did she present to him! She, in her calm and smiling beauty—so cold and so proud!—so supremely lovely! He, with his coarse and ordinary features, his ungainly figure, his embarrassed manner! The Duchess was a beautiful woman,—perhaps she had never looked more beautiful than she did at that moment,—her tall form drawn to its full height, her simple white robe and bonnet, her rich, unadorned hair, her pale lip trembled with a smile, the ineffable loveliness of which thrilled to the heart of the man before her, while he winced beneath its deep contempt.

She spoke first. “Monsieur Achille, I have come to beg a favour of you,—but pray sit down.” (He obeyed her, and they seated themselves opposite to each other.) “I have come to ask you for money—we know how rich you are. You must know how affairs stand with us,—our revenues barely support

our rank, our expenses are enormous; the sales of all my jewels will not raise sufficient to pay this debt of honour of my husband's—but it *must* be paid, and paid to-morrow. You, who know everything, must know all this; and to you, as the richest man in Paris, I come to request the loan—I might almost say, the gift—of thirty thousand louis d'or.”

“Thirty thousand louis, Madam!—you ask half what I possess.”

“Not so, Monsieur Achille; one successful speculation will restore it to you. You will scarcely miss it; to me, it will be life—more than life—honour. This, with the sale of my diamonds, will bring us barely through.”

Monsieur Achille was silent for some time; then, with a bitter sneer, “Try De Valens and Beaufleur—will not these supply you?”

“You mock me—you know they cannot. Oh! Monsieur Achille, have mercy—have mercy!” and the Duchess, sinking on her knees, clasped her white hands, and laid them on his feet.

“You have had little mercy, Madam—you have had little mercy;” and then there was a pause. At last—“You love your husband, Madam?” “Better than my life,” was the reply. “Then rise, Madam; seat yourself, and listen to me.”

That evening, about nine o'clock, Monsieur Achille, dressed with the utmost elegance, shrouded in a large cloak, under which he carried a small but heavy packet, entered his cabriolet and desiring his confidential valet to attend him, drove in the direction of the Hotel Montifiore. The drive was a long one; and he, proceeding at a leisurely pace, had time to reflect upon and ponder over the events of the day. She! whom he had so loved—she who had so spurned, so despised him—the woman he had once sued and prayed to, whose laugh of derision had rung in his ears so long—she, so worshipped, so respected, whom calumny had never reached, who stood in the centre of a profligate court, purer than fallen snow—she to be his, at last—bought, bought—with a price—she, to whom all the nobles of the land had sighed in vain, reserved at last for him!

At the corner of the street in which stood the Hotel Montifiore he stopped, and gave the reins into the hands of his valet; he told him he was going on business to the Duke de Montifiore; that if the nobleman was from home, he should wait until he returned; that he expected his cabriolet to be at that same spot in two hours' time, and that, if he was not there to meet it, he wished his servant to take it home, and he would return on foot, and on no account to mention where he had left him, or to give any clue as to the proceedings and destination of that evening.

The valet obeyed these orders to the letter. Monsieur Achille reached the Hotel Montifiore, and pausing at a small side entrance into the court, gave a low whistle; the door was immediately opened by a figure so muffled that it was impossible to distinguish either its sex or age: with a silent movement, it beckoned him to follow; they crossed the court, and reached a small and dark apartment,—they paused.

“I have brought it all, most lovely Duchess. And now—” he took tenderly the extended hand of the figure—the grasp that met his was one of iron.

“Is it all gold?”

“All gold,” he answered; and this was the last word he ever uttered.

Monsieur Achille was missing for two days; and great excitement prevailed in consequence; on the third day, his body was found in the river, some miles from the place where his valet stated he had seen him last; his pockets were rifled, his jewels gone; a ghastly wound in his breast shewed how he had died.

His servants were all strictly examined, when the valet made his statement; in consequence of which a visit was instantly paid by the commissioners of police to the Hotel Montifiore, the result of which visit was that the valet was arrested and tried for the murder and robbery of his master. Want of evidence led to his acquittal; but while in confinement, nothing could exceed the kindness of the Duchess towards him, or her liberality after his release. She, so beautiful, so beloved, she was still the same,—as calm, as proud, as *apart* as ever! Made to adorn the world, to her that world was nothing,—over her it had no power.

Among her intimate friends, she was heard to lament the death of Monsieur Achille, as the means of depriving her husband of a large loan which he was to have received on the night on which the murder was committed, and of which it was supposed Monsieur Achille was robbed while in the act of bringing it to the Hotel Montifiore. She also regretted having been obliged to part with some of her splendid diamonds, in order to raise sufficient to pay her husband's debts of honour.

All these debts were paid; and, after a time, those matchless gems again blazed amid the pale gold of her rich hair, and spanned the snowy circle of her arm: the tresses were like sunlight, the arm like Parian marble, the diamonds without price;—none saw or dreamt of the blood—the blood—that bound them round that bright head, clasped them on that arm, chained them to each other.

Monsieur Achille was soon forgotten. The Duke and Duchess de Montifiore lived long and happy lives; no cloud ever seemed to shade his gay and open brow, or dim the lustre of her glorious beauty. His debts once paid, no future embarrassments darkened their prospects; one bright path of unbroken prosperity alone remained for them: they died as they lived, honoured, respected, admired, and bequeathed to those around and beneath them the almost singular example of great rank, unblemished descent, unbounded wealth, united with all perfections of mind, character, and conduct.

CAPTAIN BEECHEY'S NARRATIVE OF CAPT. BUCHAN'S EXPEDITION TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

Beyond the usual circumstances of a Northern voyage, the features of the volume before us are—the struggles and dangers of a vessel in navigating an icy sea, or in offering a “passive resistance” when locked up; the feelings excited by the novel objects presented to the mind; and the personal occurrences of individuals engaged in duty or dangerous excursions over the ice, whether in the chase or to vary the monotony of an ice-bound life. To these may be added, the sights and scenery of an Arctic region; which in this *Voyage of Discovery* are well depicted, both by pen and pencil, where the pencil can be employed. The novelty, variety, and magnitude of the icebergs, floating in calm majesty, or rapidly moving with grotesquely fearful grandeur over an agitated sea—the surf breaking with terrific fury on the solid field of ice—the enormous masses gradually closing up under the pressure of wind and wave till, with a fearful murmuring, portions are upheaved or ground to powder under the elemental pressure—the well-defined contrast of the stormy sky over the stormy ocean, with the clear sunshine and calm atmosphere over the solid ice—the perpetual day—the peculiar scenery of Spitzbergen, with its gigantic glaciers, its solitary desolation, and the relief of its singular animals, and occasionally the appearance of a scanty vegetation in favourable sites—are all exceedingly well depicted in the volume before us; and, though not perhaps essentially new, have an air both of freshness and novelty.

As regards success, the voyage did not succeed because success was impos-

sible. From the reports of the whaling-vessels for a few years previous, it was concluded that the sea was more free from ice than Phipps and the early navigators had found it; but the conclusion that it would be so on the following year was so far disproved, that, owing to a prevalence of south and westerly winds, or some other causes, the solid ice extended to a lower range than usual. The utmost advance the expedition was able to make, was to 80 degrees 34 minutes—only about half a degree further than Hudson, with ten men and a boy, in a vessel little bigger or better than a modern fishing-boat, penetrated in 1607; and not so far by a degree and a half as had been before attained: indeed, the accident of the winds and weather of each season appear to decide whether 80 degrees can be exceeded or even reached. In his closing remarks, Captain Beechey throws out a hint upon the success that would probably result from employing a steam-vessel with the screw-propeller, in consequence of the independence of that mode of navigation of winds, or at least of calms.

ADVANTAGE OF A STEAMER IN A POLAR VOYAGE.

The openings in the ice are generally of short duration, perhaps for eight or twelve hours only; during which time, an ordinary sailing-vessel, threading the many tortuous channels, does not advance above ten or twenty miles in a direct line, before the closing of the fields puts a stop to her progress; whereas a steamer, regardless of wind—and it is in calm weather mostly that the ice opens—would be able to accomplish three or four times the advance in the same period, and perhaps to come to some land in the North, which, if reached, would materially improve her prospect of success. In the event of the ice closing, the propeller could be instantly drawn up into the body of the vessel, and when wanted could be as expeditiously replaced, especially as smooth water generally prevails between the floes of ice. In case of frost, the screw is wholly under water, and entirely free from that accumulation of ice which would take place about the paddle-floes and boxes of an ordinary steam-vessel, to the great detriment if not the entire destruction of the wheel. Should the vessel be caught and compelled to winter, a steam-apparatus for warming the vessel throughout could be fitted with little trouble. And as the propeller is only intended to be used as an auxiliary power, a small high-pressure engine would be all that would be required, and consequently it would take up but little of the stowage of the vessel.

EFFECTS OF PERPETUAL DAY.

Nothing made so deep an impression upon our senses as the change from alternate day and night, to which we had been habituated from our infancy, to the continued daylight to which we were subjected as soon as we crossed the Arctic circle. Where the ground is but little trodden, even trifles are interesting; and I do not, therefore, hesitate to describe the feelings with which we regarded this change. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable; and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations above alluded to: but the reluctance we felt to quit the deck when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and to retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprived us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep our night-watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish.

What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome; and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribe, which we daily observed winging their way to roost, with a clock-work regularity, and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required.

At first sight, it will, no doubt, appear to many persons that constant daylight must be a valuable acquisition in every country: but a little reflection will, I think, be sufficient to show that the reverse is really the case, and to satisfy a thinking mind, that we cannot overrate the blessing we derive from the wholesome alternation of labour and rest, which is in a manner forced upon us by the succession of day and night. It is impossible, by removing to a high latitude, to witness the difficulty there is in the regulation of time, the proneness that is felt by the indefatigable and zealous to rivet themselves to their occupations, and by the indolent and procrastinating to postpone their duties, without being truly thankful for that all-wise and merciful provision with which Nature has endowed the more habitable portions of the globe.

AN ARCTIC VIEW AT MIDNIGHT.

The progress of a vessel through such a labyrinth of frozen masses is one of the most interesting sights that offer in the Arctic seas; and being at this time wholly new to us, many, even of those persons not naturally curious, were kept out of their beds until a late hour to partake of the enjoyment of the scene.

There was, besides, on this occasion, an additional motive for remaining up; very few of us had ever seen the sun at midnight; and this night happening to be particularly clear, his broad red disc, curiously distorted by refraction, and sweeping majestically along the Northern horizon, was an object of imposing grandeur, which riveted to the deck some of our crew, who would perhaps have beheld with indifference the less imposing effect of the icebergs. Or it might have been a combination of both these phenomena; for it cannot be denied that the novelty occasioned by the floating masses was materially heightened by the singular effect produced by the very low altitude at which the sun cast his fiery beams over the icy surface of the sea. The rays were too oblique to illuminate more than the inequalities of the floes; and, falling thus partially on the grotesque shapes either really assumed by the ice or distorted by the unequal refraction of the atmosphere, so betrayed the imagination, that it required no great exertion of fancy to trace, in various directions, architectural edifices, grottos, and caves here and there glittering as if with precious metals. So generally, indeed, was the deception admitted, that, in directing the route of the vessel from aloft, we for a while deviated from our nautical phraseology, and shaped our course for a church, a tower, a bridge, or some similar structure instead of for lumps of ice, which were usually designated by less elegant appellations. Our attention was, however, soon called from the contemplation of this engaging scene of novelty and illusion, to matter of more immediate importance and reality, arising from the increasing difficulty of our situation.

ATMOSPHERIC EFFECTS.

It is remarkable, that although we had indisputable evidence that it was blowing a gale of wind at sea—by the enormous pressure upon the ice, the roaring of the sea upon the edge of the pack, and the aspect of the sky—the ships were so perfectly becalmed, that the vane on the mast-head was scarcely agitated. There was also a most marked difference in the state of the atmosphere over the packed ice and that over the open sea. Over the ice the sky was perfectly cloudless; whilst the sea was overcast with stormy-looking clouds, which passed heavily along with the gale, until they reached a line nearly perpendicular to the edge of the packed ice.

At this point, or line of demarcation of two atmospheres, it was curious to mark the rapid motion of the clouds to the right or left, and how immediately

they became condensed, or were dispersed on arriving at it; and although masses of clouds were continually borne towards the spot by the impetuosity of the tempest, the line of termination did not encroach upon that of the serene atmosphere overhanging the pack. The contrast between the two atmospheres, so remarkable in cloudy weather especially, is termed the "ice blink," and enables the experienced mariner to judge of the nature and position of the ice, even at a distance.

HABITS OF THE WALRUS.

Nearer the close of the voyage the habits of the walrus are described with curious interest. For example:—

"The following evening we were greatly amused by the singular and affectionate conduct of a walrus towards its young. In the vast sheet of ice which surrounded the ships, there were occasionally many pools; and, when the weather was clear and warm, animals of various kinds would frequently rise and sport about in them, or crawl from thence upon the ice to bask in the warmth of the sun. A walrus rose in one of these pools close to the ship, and, finding every thing quiet dived down and brought up its young one, which it held to its breast by pressing it with its flipper. In this manner it moved about the pool, keeping in an erect posture, and always directing the face towards the vessel. On the slightest movement on board, the mother released her flipper and pushed the young one under water; but, when every thing was again quiet, brought it up as before, and for a length of time continued to play about in the pool, to the great amusement of the seamen, who gave her credit for abilities in tuition which, though possessed of considerable sagacity, she hardly merited."

The walrus are more numerous on the western coast of Spitzbergen than in Baffin's Bay, Behring's Strait, or in any other parts of the Arctic seas with which I am acquainted, Cherie Island perhaps excepted; and in fine weather, resort to large pieces of ice at the edge of the main body where they may be seen in herds, consisting occasionally of upwards of a hundred animals each. In these situations they appear greatly to enjoy themselves, rolling and sporting about, and frequently making the air resound with their bellowing, which bears some resemblance to that of a bull. These diversions generally end in sleep, during which these wary animals appear to take the precaution of having a sentinel to warn them of any danger to which they may be liable. So universal seems the observance of this precaution amongst their species that I scarcely ever saw a herd, however small, in which I did not notice one of the party on the watch, stretching his long neck in the air every half minute, to the utmost extent of its muscles, to survey the ground about him. In the event of any alarming appearances, the sentinel begins by seeking his own personal safety, and, as these animals always lie huddled upon one another, the motion of one is immediately communicated to the whole group, which is instantly in motion toward the water. When the herd is large, and an alarm is given, a most ludicrous scene occurs. From the unwieldy nature of these animals, the state of fear into which they are thrown, and their being so closely packed together at first, they tumble over one another, get angry, and in their endeavour to regain their feet flounder about in each other's way, till having at last scrambled to the edge of the ice, they plunge into the water, head first if possible, but otherwise, in any position in which chance may have placed them, occasioning one of the most laughable scenes of the kind it is possible to conceive. The gallop of the sea-horse is probably the most awkward motion that is exhibited by the animal tribe, from the great difficulty they experience in bringing the hind feet forward, which arises no doubt from the immense weight of the animal, and the great disproportion between the length of their bodies and their legs. In order to facilitate the bringing up of the hinder parts of the body, the head is alternately lowered and raised, and the animal being exceedingly pliant, and thickly covered with blubber, a serpentine and wavy motion is thus given to the body, which very much reminds the observer of the hurried movement of a large caterpillar, a ludicrous association that tends greatly to heighten the burlesque effect. On the evening in question, several herds of these animals had crawled upon the ice to enjoy the fine evening, and rest themselves after their exertions in the late boisterous weather. The boats, properly equipped and manned with some of the officers and seamen, pushed off in pursuit of them. The first herd which was selected disappointed the sportsmen, but another was so intent upon its gambols, that, notwithstanding the extreme vigilance I have noticed, several of the crew managed to effect a landing upon the ice without any alarm being given to the animals; but immediately on the first musket being fired, the affrighted group made such a desperate rush toward the edge of the ice, that they nearly overturned the whole of our party purposely stationed there to intercept them. The seamen, finding this charge more formidable than they expected, were obliged to separate, to allow their opponents to pass through their ranks; and being thus, in their turn, taken by surprise, they suffered them, almost unmolested, to perform their *summersets* towards the sea. What with their uncertain movements, the extreme toughness of their skins and the respectful distance at which the men were obliged to keep, to avoid the lashing of the head and tusks of the animals, it was indeed no easy task to inflict any serious injury upon them. One, however, was desperately wounded in the head with a ball; and the mate of the brig being determined, if possible, to secure his prey, resolutely struck his tomahawk into his skull; but the enraged animal, with a twist of the head, sent the weapon whirling in the air, and then lashing his neck, as though he would destroy with his immense tusks every thing that came in his way, effected his escape to the water. The seamen followed, and pushed off in their boats; but the walrus, finding themselves more at home now than on the ice, in their turn became *assailants*; and the affair began to assume a serious aspect. They arose in great numbers about the boat, snorting with rage, and rushing at the boats; and it was with the utmost difficulty they were prevented upsetting or staving them by placing their tusks upon the gunwales, or by striking at them with their heads. It was the opinion of our people, that in this assault the walrus were led on by one animal in particular—a much larger and more formidable beast than any of the other; and they directed their efforts more particularly towards him; but he withstood all the blows of their tomahawks without flinching; and his tough hide resisted the entry of the whale-lances, which were, unfortunately, not very sharp, and soon bent double. The herd was so numerous, and their attacks so incessant, that there was not time to load a musket, which, indeed, was the only effectual mode of seriously injuring them. The purser fortunately had his gun loaded; and the whole now being nearly exhausted with chopping and sticking at their assailants, he snatched it up, and thrusting the muzzle down the throat of the leader, fired into his bowels. The wound proved mortal; and the animal fell back amongst his companions, who immediately desisted from the attack, assembled around him, and in a moment quitted the boat, swimming away as hard as they could with their leader, whom they actually bore up with their tusks, and assiduously preserved from sinking. Whether this singular and compassionate conduct, which, in all probability, was done to prevent suffocation, arose from the sagacity of the animals, it is difficult to say; but there is every probability of it, and the fact must form an interesting trait in the history of the habits of the species. After the discharge of the purser's gun

there remained of all the herd only one little assailant, which the seamen out of compassion, were unwilling to molest. This young animal had been observed fighting by the side of the leader, and from the protection which was afforded it by its courageous patron, was imagined to be one of its young. The little animal had no tusks; but it swam violently against the boat, and struck with its head, and indeed would have stove her, had it not been kept off by whale-lances, some of which made deep incisions in its young sides; these, however, had not any immediate effect; the attack was continued, and the enraged little animal, though disfigured with wounds, even crawled upon the ice in pursuit of the seamen, who had relanded there, until one of them, out of compassion, put an end to its sufferings. The reciprocal affection of parent and offspring was certainly never more strongly displayed than by these animals. On another occasion, one of our boats attacked a male and female, and wounded the latter in the head whilst she was suckling her young, which she retained against her breast with her flipper. The male immediately plunged into the sea, apparently to revenge the aggression upon the boat; while the female deliberately placed her young more carefully under her left fin, and in that manner made her way to the edge of the ice, in spite of three lances that were planted against her breast, and nearly swamped the boat by her fall into the water. When there, she relinquished her hold of the young one, who rushed toward the boat, snorting with its little nostrils, and so enraged that it seemed as if it would have swallowed her up if it had possessed the power; but receiving a blow upon the head, it swam away and rejoined its parent, who, suffering from the wounds she had received, was endeavouring to get upon every piece of ice that came in her way. The male, however, as if aware of the danger of another attack in such situations, always counteracted these efforts by pulling her back with his tusks; but, nevertheless, appeared determined to secure her escape by buoying her up in the water, and by propelling her forward until she was beyond our reach. We observed many similar acts of compassion in these animals towards their wounded companions; and on one occasion, in particular, when several walruses were attacked upon a beach near Magdalena Bay. The first discharge of muskets drove all those which could crawl into the sea; but immediately upon their panic subsiding, they returned to the shore and dragged their wounded companions into the water, either by main force, or by rolling them over with their tusks. This compassionate conduct towards the maimed has been mistaken by seamen, and has given rise to belief, that these animals like the porpoises, cannot endure the sight of blood, and chase and worry the wounded to death; but I have not the smallest doubt myself that it is an act of compassion alone, exercised for the purposes I have already mentioned, arising from an extraordinary instinct peculiar to themselves, as we have in several instances seen the wounded, when out of danger, quietly crawl upon the ice. I might relate other instances of sagacity and affection in these animals; but these perhaps are some of the most remarkable."

THE CRUSTY.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.
INTRODUCTION.

"Emily, my love," said Mrs. Foresight, "it is essentially necessary to our interests that you should be very circumspect in the presence of my uncle, the pleasure of whose company to dinner we expect to-day. We have named six o'clock, and, depend on it, he will be here punctually to a minute; therefore I beg you will be ready to receive him. Put on your plain muslin, and wear no ornaments; and dress your hair in ringlets, instead of *à la reine*,—for he is so particular."

"Really, mamma," said Emily, a pretty blonde of nineteen, "I cannot see the necessity of conforming so strictly to the ridiculous whims of this gentleman. I am sure Pa is independent enough in some things: I wonder that he can submit to have the whole house put out of order to gratify this humourist."

"Hush my dear!" said Mrs. Foresight; "remember 'walls have ears,'—and be satisfied we have an object in our submission. You have no reason to fear any remarks from any of the party; for I have only invited Mr. and Mrs. Dumps, and their daughters, and our cousin Snooks—a set that we must be bored with now and then, you know; and they are good sort of people in their way, although we cannot ask them to meet our numerous *distingué* acquaintances."

"Very well, mamma, as you please," replied Emily, not at all convinced by the political arguments of her fashionable parent.

The Foresights tenanted a respectable house on the borders of the aristocratic part of the town, and succeeded so well in pushing themselves into good society, that they were really considered "somebody."

"The Court Guide," "The Book of Etiquette," and "Chesterfield's Letters to his Son," were the chief "study" of the parents; and, although all letters were generally addressed to Frederick Foresight, *Esquire*, some people were censorious enough to assert that he was only a *principal-clerk* in some Manchester warehouse; and that he assumed a standing in society to which he was by no means entitled, and that he sacrificed many real comforts "to the vapour folly of 'keeping up appearances.'"

Be this as it may, they were very agreeable people, and managed admirably; and certain it is that Mrs. Foresight's uncle was a rich man, lately returned from the East Indies, and they were both very zealous to turn him to account, and make "much of him!" Unfortunately, they had to struggle with many difficulties; for Frank Flint was a crusty, tetchy, straightforward, plain-speaking old bachelor, who hated all fashionable "fal-lals and nonsense," and spoke so bluntly on every occasion, and had so many peculiar notions and ways of his own, that he was considered by his modish nephew and niece "quite unrepresentable to the cream of their circle."

A DIALOGUE.

"Do you spend much time in thrumming and squalling?" said old Flint, laying his hand upon a handsome upright piano, which stood "showing its teeth," and supporting a music-book, opened at an Italian *scena* which was quite the "rage."

"Sir!" said Emily, colouring to the very eyes; and then, recovering her self-possession, she continued, "I play and sing a little."

"Expensive and useless, remarked Flint, "a trap set to catch beaux—get married, and then forgotten. Ask a wife to sing or play, and its always, 'Really 'tis so long since I touched the instrument.'—Pah!"

Emily smiled.

"Can you make a pudding, cook, and carve a fowl,—dam stockings, scrub a floor, or sew a button on your husband's wristband?"

"I dare say I could, sir, if I were to try, and there were a necessity for it," replied Emily.

"Learn," shortly added Flint, "useful first, ornamental afterwards. Education is now commenced at the wrong end. Can you dance?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good exercise—promotes health. I could foot it a little, hands across, down

the middle, and up again. What do you think of me for a partner in a good old country-dance?"

"I should prefer a quadrille, and—"

"A younger partner," said Flint, "no doubt. I don't like quadrilles—they're French—a lifeless dawdling—no vigour—fit only for gouty gentlemen and old dowagers, when they stand up to make fools of themselves."

Emily laughed.

"There's a good girl," said Flint,—"the first laugh from a young lady since I've been in England: a simper or a smile is all you get from them. It is not 'fashionable,' I believe, to laugh outright; yet cooking and laughter are the two distinguishing characteristics of the animal—man!"

The old man paused, and Emily was half afraid to break the silence.

"You don't like me," continued he abruptly. "Accustomed to the smoothness of flattery, truth appears, in comparison, rude and offensive."

"Nay, sir, I do not dislike you; and I do like truth," replied Emily, boldly.

"Then tell me what you think of old Flint."

Emily blushed deeply as she summoned up courage to reply; "I think him, sir, a very sincere gentleman, with very odd notions."

"Very good!"

"And I think he is rather unreasonable in requiring other people to conform to his peculiar ideas of what is right."

"Proceed."

"He wears a costume which *was* fashionable fifty years ago, and is singular, because not one in ten thousand of the present day exhibits in it."

"Exhibits!" said the old man emphatically.

"He wears his hair tied in a *queue*, when everybody else is cropped; and because young ladies do not dress like their grandmothers, calls them ridiculous, and—"

"Hold! I'm quite satisfied," said Flint, smiling; and taking her hand, added, "Emily, you and I shall probably be very good friends after a while. Let us continue to scold each other, and find fault, and the chances are that the wordy war will end in a mutual good understanding."

AN INDEPENDENT MAN.

Mrs. Foresight was the daughter of Frank Flint's sister. He had also a nephew, (the son of his elder brother,) a married man, with six children, who held a situation, and lived comfortably on his limited income, not being ambitious, like his cousin and her husband, of keeping up appearances above his means.

In many respects he resembled the old humourist. When Frank Flint called upon him, he welcomed him heartily; but when, in the course of conversation, the Anglo-Indian expressed his opinion that he "must be put to it" to support so numerous a family, and thought that, before entering into matrimonial engagements, it was prudent for a man to calculate his means of maintaining the "heirs of his loins," Mr. Stephen Flint replied shortly:

"I did calculate, uncle; and, as a proof that I was not out in my reckoning, I have, thank Heaven! been able to support myself and family decently. I have given them all a good plain education, that will enable them to provide for themselves, as their father has done before them. I owe no man a penny, and I ask no patronage from the rich; and, so long as I possess the blessing of health, they will never want. I'm yet in the prime of life, and hope, in the course of nature, to see them all respectably settled."

"I'll dine with you to-morrow," said Flint.

"Sunday is the only day that I can receive a visitor," replied Stephen; "and it is not everybody that I allow to sit at my table, humble as it is; but, as you are a relation, I shall be glad to receive you. If we agree, well and good; if we don't hitch our horses, the shorter the acquaintance the better. We dine at one o'clock."

"Make it two, and I'm your man," said Flint.

"If you were my master, I would not," replied Stephen; "'twould derange the economy of my household. Besides, report says you're a wealthy man, and a compliance with your wishes would appear like flattery; and I never flatter anybody, and I'm no legacy-hunter."

Old Flint seemed for once to have met with his match. He hesitated for a moment, muttered a few unintelligible words, and finally, clapping his broad-brimmed white hat, turned up with green, upon his head, he said,

"I'll be with you, nephew, punctually," and took his leave without further ceremony.

"Jane," remarked Stephen to his spouse, "I really think the old boy wishes to turn the house out of windows,—but he shan't. This house is my castle, old girl, and no man, rich or poor, shall rule the roast here. Remember, I'll have no display;—beef, pudding, and ale. I'll not stoop to the whims of any man. What! because he happens to be rich, shall I be ridiculous?"

The "old boy," however, did come, and made himself so very agreeable, and related so many anecdotes of elephant and tiger hunts, and other Indian sports and pastimes, making the time steal away so rapidly, that it was rather a late hour before he lighted his last cheroot, and took his departure.

"What a nice gentleman he is!—how amusing!" observed Jane.

"That's just like you women," replied Stephen; "it takes time to know a man. The old fox is, after all, perhaps only playing a game. But he shan't govern me or mine. This time two years, if the acquaintance should last so long, I'll tell you more about him. At present there's too much of the nabob peeping out now and then to please me exactly. We'll see."

Stephen Flint, however, did unconsciously like his uncle, and was much gratified by the amusement and information he enjoyed in his society.

A DOWNFALL.

"My dear," said Mr. Foresight to his wife, "I have some very disagreeable tidings to impart. The rich uncle who has put us to so much inconvenience, and whose favour we have cultivated at such a cost of patience, is a ruined man. I passed his house this morning, and there was actually a carpet at the door, with a catalogue tacked to it! I was so shocked that I could not enter the place; I however, to make sure, sent Smuthers (cautioning him to be very circumspect and quiet in his inquiries) to glean what information he could. And what do you think the foolish, headstrong old man has been doing!—investing all his hard-earned money in a bubble mining company, and he is ruined—ruined past redemption. There is no such mine as the West Waggabon Tin and Copper Company, and the Board of Directors are nobodies!"

Mrs. Foresight held up her delicate hands and wept; Emily retired to her own room to shed her tears unseen; for, strange to say, there had lately arisen a mutual understanding and esteem between her and old Flint, which had actually ripened into a confidential friendship, and her grief at his downfall was caused by feelings very distinct from those of her worldly parents. Mr. and Mrs. Foresight thought the most prudent step they could take, under the afflictive circumstances, was to deny themselves, and not be at home whenever the old gentleman called; for they sympathised so deeply in his misfortunes, that

they could not bear to see him, knowing that they had not the means of offering him any pecuniary aid—at least this was their excuse.

In a few days the old man did call.

"Not at home?" said he, surprised, for he had invariably found them at that hour; and, before the servant could utter a syllable, the unwelcome visitor had hung his hat on the usual peg in "hall," or *passage*, as he always persisted in calling it.

"Not at home?" he replied.

"No, sir."

"Humph!—and pray is Emily at home?" said he.

"Miss Emily, sir?" said the man, who had not been instructed on this point.

"Really, sir, I don't know but she may be. Perhaps—"

"Perhaps, as you have some doubts on the subject, you'll make some inquiry, and satisfy yourself, and don't keep me standing here. Open the parlour-door, and give me a chair."

Confused and half afraid, the man did his bidding, and immediately sent the maid to enquire (of Miss Emily!) if Miss Emily was at home.

Emily, who was only half spoiled, and was naturally a good-natured girl, answered the old man's inquiry in her own person.

"Father and mother both out, hey?" asked Flint, taking her hand.

"Did the servant say so?" said she, blushing at her attempt at evading the awkward query.

"Say no more, my dear," said Flint; "I'm not at all disappointed,—not at all, I assure you, my little friend. Tell them, will you, that the old uncle is obliged to decline the honour of visiting great people,—that is too expensive,—and that his relations need not fear his importunities for broken victuals and left-off clothes,—that he has lived, and can live, upon fifty pounds a-year, and that he has still a little more than that left to support him. If I should ever want a trifle, I will condescend to ask my friend Emily for it."

"Uncle," said Emily, bursting into tears, "I pity you, and I love you better than ever I did; and, if all my pocket-money my Pa allows me will be of service to you, you shall have it;" and, as she spoke, she pressed his hard right hand in hers with so much fervour and sincerity that it seemed to hurt the old man, for the tears started in his eyes.

"Don't play the fool, girl," said he, kissing her forehead, and, lowering his gray and shaggy brows, abruptly quitted the house.

THE MINISTER.

Among the "set" selected to meet the rich uncle at Mr. Foresight's table was Mr. Selwyn, the minister who officiated at the church where the family rented a pew. He was a young man about eight-and-twenty, polished in his manners, and very studious, with a stipend of three hundred pounds a-year.

Among his other attainments, he was a first-rate chess-player; and, notwithstanding the boast of the old Indian, he invariably beat him, although he confessed it was a contest in which the conquered reaped almost as much honor as the victor.

Frank Flint called one evening upon the "parson," as he called him, and he was at home! He was ushered into a small room, dignified by the name of a study, where the youth was busily occupied with his books and papers.

"Don't interrupt business, I hope!" said the old man.

"Not at all, sir," replied Mr. Selwyn, rising, and handing him a chair. "I am really pleased to see you."

"Are you? humph! Then you hav'n't heard the story about those" (he would have put in a strong adjective here, but in his good sense he gulped it, in respect to the "cloth,")—"those mines?"

"I have, sir; but I would not have been so impertinent as to allude to it, especially on the first visit you have done me the honour to pay me," said Mr. Selwyn.

"You wouldn't?"

Mr. Selwyn merely bowed, saying, "Shall we resume the last game, sir? If you have time, I shall be happy to give you an opportunity of having your *revanche*."

"I'm your man," said Flint, folding up his gloves, and throwing them into his hat.

Mr. Selwyn brought forth his chessboard and men, and insisting on his visitor's taking the library-chair, he drew the table to the fire, and they commenced smoking and playing in silence, the old man alternately placing his feet on the fender, and against the jambs of the fire-place. After a contest of two hours, and the consumption of about twelve cheroots on the part of Frank Flint, for Mr. Selwyn only "whiffed" to keep his visitor in countenance, the game was concluded in favour, for the first time, of his eccentric guest.

The old man rubbed his hands delighted.

"Are you a married man?"

"No, sir."

"I'm glad of it," replied Flint.

"Wherefore, sir?"

"I should have entertained a very bad opinion of you."

"Have you an objection to the 'holy' state?" asked Mr. Selwyn.

"No, sir," replied Flint; "but I have noticed something in your conduct, which, if you had been a married man, would have been contemptible."

"Indeed sir; in what respect?"

"You made yourself too agreeable to a young lady of my acquaintance, for whom I entertain the highest esteem."

The blood mantled on Mr. Selwyn's pale brow as he falteringly demanded the lady's name.

"Nonsense!" said Flint. "You know who I mean, well enough—(give me a light)—Emily—Emily Foresight—"

"I hope, sir, you have never observed anything in my conduct that could be misconstrued."

"Not at all, Mister Parson," said Flint, pitching his cheroot into the fire, for it would not "draw," and supplying himself with another. "I'll tell you what; I've seen a little of the world, and know a hawk from a handsaw as well as any man, and I'm as positive you've a sneaking kindness after that girl, as she thinks about you; and that's not a little."

"I hope, sir, you will exonerate me from any attempt to win the affections of the daughter of a gentleman who does me the honour to invite me in confidence to his table."

"Honour!—fiddle-de-dee!—a gentleman! A gentleman, although he doesn't chance to have a rap in his pocket, is fit company for a lord. If you like the girl, why don't you 'pop'?"

"My dear sir, I will not conceal from you that I esteem the young lady you have named."

"You can't; so don't make a merit of it."

"But I have too much respect for her, and am not quite so selfish as to sacrifice her prospects to my passion, even had I the hope of accomplishing such an unworthy desire."

"Nonsense!" said Flint. "I'll tell you what it is, Mister Parson. Foresight spends too much money in keeping up appearances to be able to give the girl a portion. Men with money won't jump at a bait now-a-days, unless it be double-gilt; if she were my daughter, I would give her to you, and thank you into the bargain!"

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for your favourable opinion; but, whatever my inclination may be, I hope I shall never be induced to forfeit it, even though Miss Foresight should be the tempting bribe."

"More nice than wise, Mister Parson. Now, if I were a young man, with only one hundred pounds a-year clear income, I'd carry her off; ay, and make her happy, too. I tell you what young man, Emily has plenty of common sense and good feeling, too. She's the best of the whole bunch! and—"

"Say no more, sir, I beg, or you'll make me miserable," said Mr. Selwyn.

"Well, good night!" said Flint; "I shall drop in upon you again soon."

A DISINTERESTED FRIEND.

"Oh! you are 'at home,' I see," said old Flint, entering the parlour of his nephew Stephen.

"I fear no duns, uncle, and I never deny myself," replied Stephen; "when a visit is not welcome, I always save the visitor the trouble of a second call by telling him at once I prefer his room to his company. Sit down. So, I hear you've been making a fool of yourself, dabbling in what does not concern you, and burnt your fingers."

"Well!" said Flint.

"What do you mean to do now?"

"Live upon my means, to be sure. I don't come to beg. I've enough to live on. What do you think of me for a lodger?"

"On what terms?"

"Sixty pounds a-year; feed with the family, play with the children, and make myself at home."

"I'll give you an answer to-morrow," said Stephen.

The following day Frank Flint became a member of the family, and really made himself so agreeable that not one of the parties concerned regretted the arrangement.

Dinner was served at two o'clock.

"Thought you invariably dined at one!" remarked Flint.

"So we did," replied Stephen; "but, as you have come to live with us now, we wish to make everything agreeable to you as far as we can. When you were 'up in the world,' you commanded; now you must know, uncle, I can be led to anything, but never like to be driven. Make yourself comfortable."

The old man made no observation, but he appeared to be lost in a very pleasant reverie.

The days passed very smoothly and happily, and the "crusty" seemed quite content in his reverses, although his old suit, which was not renewed, began to exhibit strong symptoms of decay.

Two months, however, had scarcely elapsed, when Stephen returned home earlier than usual; he was closeted some time with his wife; and, when he returned, her eyes were red with weeping, and Stephen was evidently depressed in spirits.

"Uncle," said he, "the firm with whom I have been for twenty years has failed; and I've got to seek a new employ,—at my time of life, too! We must part; for I cannot afford to keep up the house as I have done."

"What of that?" said old Flint. "Throw my sixty pounds into the lump, and let's jog on together till better times. I like my quarters too well; besides, do you think I'll leave my little playfellows? Why, I should founder at once—no, no! Say no more on that head. Tell me your views; and, perhaps, a fool's advice may be of service to you."

Stephen's large family prevented him from getting the fore-horse by the head; but he was out of debt, and possessed a small sum in ready money to meet his present exigencies.

For the space of a month Stephen spent his whole time in seeking a situation among the extensive connexion of the bankrupt firm, by whom he was well known and esteemed; but there was no vacancy, at least for one of his standing and experience, although they all declared that, should an opportunity occur, they would gladly accept his services.

One day, returning home rather dispirited at his want of success, he was startled by some one bawling out his name; and, turning round, he beheld old Flint, with his body thrust half out of a hackney-chariot.

"Jump in!" cried the old man, seizing hold of his nephew's collar,—"*jump in!* Now, sirrah! drive me back again as fast as you can go. I was just going home, nephew. How lucky to have stumbled over you! I've got the place."

"What place?"

"Why, the place I've been hunting after the last month," replied Flint. "D'ye think I've been walking about whistling all this time? What salary did you receive in your last situation?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds."

"Humph! this will do, then, as far as the money is concerned."

"But, the duties?"

"Any fool can perform them," replied Flint; "and—but here we are! come along!" and, quitting the vehicle, they entered a splendid house in one of the fashionable squares at the West-End.

"Is his lordship at home?"

"Yes, sir," replied the footman, and immediately ushered the eccentric old man and his nephew into the presence of the great man.

"My nephew, my lord. Sorry to bore your lordship; but I am anxious to have this affair settled."

"Not more than I am, Mr. Flint, I assure you," replied his lordship graciously, and shaking the astonished Stephen by the hand, he wished him health to enjoy his new situation, and trusted that it would not be long before he obtained promotion. "And here, Mr. Flint, is the letter of introduction to the principal, who will induct your nephew."

"And here, my lord, is the letter to my steward, with full instructions to canvass the electors. There will be no difficulty. I know their sentiments. A Tory master, and Tory tenants, every man John of them. A saucy, independent, well-fed set, who do pretty well as they like with me; and all staunch Church and State men."

Happy was the family of Stephen Flint as they sat round the family board, with old Crusty at their head. Such weeping, and laughter, and rejoicing.

The fact was, old Flint's "break up" was a mere farce. It is true, he had sold up his town residence, with the intention of retiring to his large estates in the country, when the idea of trying his friends entered his head, and he carried the joke out, as we have seen.

Having settled his nephew in a Government situation of five hundred pounds

per annum, and seen them all established in a house more in accordance with their altered circumstances, he departed to look after his tenantry, and celebrate the return of his lordship's son.

A few weeks afterwards a living in his gift became vacant, and he wrote the following short epistle to Mr. Selwyn:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—The living of F—— is vacant. It is worth eight hundred to a thousand a year. It is in my gift; but I intend to bestow it only on a married man. So, if you'll pop the question to Emily, it's yours,

"I am, &c.,

FRANK FLINT."

The short-sighted Foresights saw the error into which their desire to keep up appearances had led them. They were, however, gratified in being able to write "such an affectionate letter" to their "dear uncle," expressing their gratitude for his patronage of their eldest daughter, whom, of course, they willingly bestowed on the object of her affections, quite proud of the alliance.

THE NAPOLEON MUSEUM.

A room is now open at the Egyptian Hall, London, which contains one of the most singular and interesting collections ever made, and certainly affords the most complete, authentic, and copious illustration ever attempted of the life and fortunes of any single individual. The collector is Mr. Sainsbury, a gentleman who has devoted himself for the last quarter of a century to the acquisition of every object in any way connected with the career of Napoleon, or with the history of Europe during his time. This pursuit he has followed with rare ardour, neglecting no exertion to render his museum as extensive as possible, and spending a large fortune in securing the numberless unique and costly articles of which it is composed.

On first entering the room, which is magnificently decorated, and laid out with great taste and regard for convenience of inspection, the visitor is struck with the memorials of Napoleon, which meet his eye on every side. He at once feels that he has entered a temple consecrated to the honour of that memorable man, who for so long a period fixed the attention and wonder of the world. The Emperor's chosen emblems, the eagle and the bee, are not more strikingly indicative of his power and industry than the medals, the bronzes, the pictures, and the MSS. which commemorate the chief events of his life. The walls of the spacious hall are hung round with paintings of his battles, with innumerable portraits, and miniatures of himself, his family, and his generals. In recesses, and under canopies of state, are many fine busts of him, and of the most distinguished of his relatives. Bookcases are filled with thick volumes of manuscript, containing, among others, 500 orders and despatches written and signed by Napoleon himself; the glass cases which surround the room are occupied with a collection of medals in gold, silver, and bronze, forming in themselves a complete history of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire; and in the centre of the room are many large tables covered with things precious from their intrinsic worth and workmanship, but almost inestimable from the importance of the events with which they are connected. It seems to have been Mr. Sainsbury's object to collect whatever could delight the mere hunter after rarities as well as whatever could gratify the liberal curiosity of an intelligent mind; to form a museum which would afford equal pleasure to the historian, the virtuoso, the antiquary, and to the enlightened public. There are the memoranda Napoleon scribbled previous to the siege of Toulon, and the wine flask from which he drank after the defeat of Waterloo;—the splendid swords he presented after victory on the field of battle, and the spatula with which he cleaned his spade at St. Helena;—the silk sash of the Legion of Honour which he wore and sent to his son at Vienna during the hundred days, and the fly flap with which his Mameluke shaded his face while he commanded in Egypt. There are some of his most celebrated despatches, and there are the only sentences he was ever known to write in English, penned curiously enough on a nine of diamonds, during his confinement at Longwood—"Etes-vous faim—are you hungry?" "Etes-vous au colere—are you angry?" There are drawings of him in his infancy, and a cast from that mask taken when the lid of his coffin was lately raised, and the attendants perceived with surprise and awe that his features were unchanged from the time when he was first committed to the earth. There is a lock of his hair enclosed in a gold sarcophagus, lately the property of Madame Bertrand, and a cast of the hoof of the horse upon which he last rode; there is the last autograph he ever wrote with the *u*, and the first he ever signed without it; there are letters he wrote while a poor lieutenant of artillery, before his career began, and manuscript pages of his memoirs, corrected by himself, when his career was finished; there is a splendid copy of his coronation, which he presented to his sister Pauline at the Tuilleries, and there is the worn-out pen which he gave to Las Cases in his exile. Some of the memorials of his domestic life are painfully interesting, such as the bust of him in needlework, worked in silk and gold by Josephine and her daughter Hortense, and a snuff-box with a miniature of his mother, formerly in the possession of his father; others are characteristic of his precise habits, such as the estimate by his architect for fitting up the church of Notre Dame on his birth-day: against each item he has written his own remarks, altering and reducing the account from 22,750 francs to 4,750. Of his rings there are three especially remarkable—the first he wore as General, the second as Consul, and the third as Emperor. Of the whole collection it may with truth be said that it follows him from his cradle to his grave, presents him in every relation of life and in every phase of his career. Of its great extent some idea may be formed from the single fact that the *catalogue raisonné* is a royal quarto volume of seven hundred pages, closely filled. Of the genuineness of every article exhibited we have the best assurance in the honour and zeal of Mr. Sainsbury, and in the indefatigable earnestness with which he has followed his pursuit. We notice below a few of the most prominent objects of the collection; but it is as a whole that it must be considered to be rightly appreciated. The portraits show him at every stage of life, and exhibit to some extent the changes which events made in his character; but for these events we must turn to the series of medals which record every one of his public actions; and again, to find the causes that led to those actions, we must glance at the volumes of manuscripts that detail his plans, motives, and feelings. Nor, though he is the presiding genius of the place, does he absorb the whole interest of the collection; the memorials of all with whom he is associated are so numerous, that, with a slight exercise of imagination, we can picture him the centre of his family, of his court, of his army, of his cabinet. Even the memorials themselves are immortalized by the genius of the artists who executed them, and, were they on indifferent subjects, would be handed down to posterity as the works of Canova, David, Isabey, Duplessi-Bertaux, Horace Vernet, Behnes, Lefebvre, Lagranée, and other eminent artists. Mr. Sainsbury is fortunate in having made his collection at a period when memorials of Napoleon were more easily procured than at present. No effort and no cost would now suffice to procure a museum of equal extent and value. Among the company on Wednesday we observed Sir R. Peel; he was alone, and seemed to take a lively interest in the inspection of the museum.

Among the manuscripts are 500 written and signed by Napoleon himself; 70

written by Joseph Bonaparte, when King of Spain, to Count Belliard, the Governor of Madrid, nearly all in his own hand; 2,000 letters and autographs of Napoleon's principal generals; and autograph letters from the most distinguished characters of the period, including one from the Duke of Wellington to Marshal Ney. The sixteen thick folio volumes are illustrated with 2,000 portraits of the writers.

Of different busts and portraits of Napoleon there are 700. The most remarkable are a beautiful head by Canova, with more expression thrown into the features than we usually see given to the calm and unruffled face; a fine laureated bust the size of life; and a most striking and elaborate composition by J. J. Lagranée, representing the apotheosis of Napoleon. The face is remarkable for its expression and character, and is said by Joseph Bonaparte to be the most faithful likeness of his brother ever taken.

Of medals there are 670, and among them a complete set of the 141 described by Captain Laskey, as forming a complete history of Napoleon's Consulate and Empire.

Of printed books relative to Napoleon there are 1,000 volumes, comprising many printed on vellum, which the Emperor presented to Josephine and to his generals.

Of curiosities there are a casket made of the wood of the Marquis of Hertford's willow, grown from a slip of that at St. Helena; fifteen gold orders worn by Napoleon; the silver ring made for, and worn by Maximilian Robespierre; and three magnificent bronzes of Napoleon, Marie Louise, and their son, presented by the Emperor Napoleon to Josephine, which were purchased at Malmaison when the property at that palace was disposed of.

Among the miniatures and enamels are many of Napoleon, and others of his empresses, his son, his father, his mother, all his brothers and sisters, the consuls, many of his marshals, ministers, &c., painted by Isabey, and other eminent artists.

After this it must be superfluous to express any opinion, however eulogistic, of the merit of the collection. We trust that it will never be dispersed. If placed in one of the rooms of the British Museum it would form one of the most attractive features of that noble institution, for it revives the memory of the most remarkable man that ever lived; it fills the eye and mind with pictures of every part of his career; and it illustrates the most eventful period in European history.

EXTRAORDINARY SYSTEM OF MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

Though Whit-Monday may be considered as the great matrimonial fair, it is not to be supposed that marriages are not celebrated at all times and seasons, except during the fasts. Sometimes the mode of procedure has been very summary, as happened to one of our countrymen. He was a merchant of great respectability, and was attached to a Russian lady. No impediment offered itself, except the one which prevents the union of people of different religions; and, as a foreigner and Protestant, he met with much difficulty in obtaining permission. As he had a friend at court who could gain the imperial ear, he was commissioned to apply to the fountain-head. It was necessary to await a seasonable opportunity, a good-humoured moment, which grants every thing, and then to strike. This opportunity occurred, and it was in the afternoon. 'Your majesty,' said the petitioner, 'will permit me to inform you that one of my countrymen is in great distress.' 'How?' replied his majesty, 'an Englishman in distress? What is it? let me know; if I can remedy it, depend upon it; what help does he require?' 'No, your majesty, it is not that; but he wishes to marry a Russian, and the clergy will not celebrate his marriage.' 'How so? let him be married immediately (*seechass*.) I will give the order instantly; and in five minutes the imperial signature permitted the nuptials to be celebrated. Now, it must be recollected, that in Russia a permission of the sovereign is a *bona fide* order; and there is this advantage in despotic governments, that when a thing is to be done, it is done betimes. The imperial signature authorises at 5 p. m. the marriage of Mr. A— and Miss B—. At six p. m. this order gets into the hands of proper authorities. It arrives at the first office, where it is registered, at eight it gets to another, at ten it may have passed the synod, at eleven it is in the hands of the police, and at midnight the police officers are trotting through the streets to put it in execution, and summon the parties themselves. Mr. — was fast asleep. He had given the case up as hopeless; he must make the best of it; he must forget it; he was hugging his pillow, 'twas all he could hug; a thundering rap is at his door; and before he recovers from his fright an armed police is at his bed-side with a roll of paper in their hands. 'His liver turned to water.' Those who have not lived in Russia can hardly appreciate what the workings of a man's inside are under such circumstances. A cold sweat comes all over him; speak he cannot; but he mutters to himself, 'It is all up with me. Oh, my wife and children!' an exclamation which signifies, myself. Mr. — said no such thing, he had no wife and children, nor at that moment did it appear probable to him that he ever might have have. As he was about to force utterance, he was stopped by the officers, who told him that they had a warrant, which must be executed immediately (*seechass*.) Mr. — thought of putting on his clothes, and, as he was sacrificing to the graces, the officer commenced reading. Fancy a man roused from his slumbers in the middle of the night, trembling all over from fear more than from cold, sitting upon the edge of his bed drawing on a stocking, spinning slowly out the time, and about to hear, as he supposeth, his exile warrant. 'By the grace of God, Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., be it known.' What was his surprise, then, to find that this sentence was a permit to be married! 'What, now?' said Mr. —; 'at this time of night?' 'Immediately (*seechass*),' said the officer; 'it is ordered.' 'Oh, if it be ordered, then I know the rest,' said Mr. —; and he hurried on his clothes, and accompanied the officers to the dwelling of his betrothed. What were her feelings upon the occasion, how the matter was broken to her, whether she were asleep or awake, who explained the necessity of immediate compliance—all these matters have not been revealed. Mr. — and Miss — accompanied the police-officers to the church, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the middle of the night. The officers had done their duty; Mr. — did his, inasmuch as he had obeyed orders; and all the parties shook hands, went home, and went to bed again. The system of advertising for wives does not exist in Russia; but they may be bought by private contract. The Russian consul at Elsinore bought a Kamshatka woman. A common mode of procedure is to employ a third person, a dealer in the trade. She has a list of *demoiselles à marier*, of different ages and of different values. Admiral —'s aid-de-camp employed a middle dealer, who found a wife for him who had 70,000 rubles. They were married, and the money was paid by the lady's father, deducting the dealer's commission, and 500 rubles for a pianoforte, which was the young lady's property; but which had not been stipulated for. So that there are three plans of procedure in the nuptial line:—The summer garden, the *mariage de convenance*, and the pig Travelling Physician.

SHEEP AMONG THE CHEVIOTS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Graze on, graze on, there comes no sound
Of Border warfare near,
No slogan-cry of gathering clan,
No battle-axe, no spear;
No belted knight, in armour bright,
With glance of kindled ire,
Doth change the sports of Chevy Chase
To conflict stern and dire.

Ye wist not that ye press the spot
Where Percy held his way
Across the marches in his pride
The "choicest harts to slay;"
And where the stout Earl Douglas rode
Upon his milk-white steed,
With "fifteen hundred Scottish spears,"
To stay the invader's deed.

Ye wist not that ye press the spot
Where, with his eagle-eye,
King James and all his gallant train
To Flodden-field swept by.
The Queen was weeping in her bower
Amid her maids that day,
And on her cradled nursing's face
The tears like pearl-drops lay;

For madly 'gainst her native realm
Her royal husband went,
And led his flower of chivalry,
As to a tournament.
He led them on in power and pride;
But ere the fray was o'er
They on the blood-stained heather slept,
And he returned no more.

Graze on, graze on; there's many a rill
Bright sparkling through the glade,
Where you may freely slake your thirst,
With none to make afraid.
There's many a wandering stream that flows
From Cheviot's terraced side,
Yet not one drop of warrior's gore
Disdains its crystal tide.

For Scotia from her hills hath come,
And Albion o'er the Tweed,
To give the mountain breeze the feud
That made their noblest bleed;
And like two friends, around whose hearts
Some dire estrangement run,
Love all the better for the past,
And sit them down as one.

LADY SALE'S JOURNAL.

A JOURNAL OF THE DISASTERS IN AFGHANISTAN, 1841-2, by Lady Sale. London. Murray, Albemarle-street.

A work on Afghanistan, from the pen of Lady Sale, can require no commendation from us. It will be read by everybody, and no one, we will venture to say, will rise disappointed from the perusal of this most interesting volume. The details of the military transactions, previous to and after the evacuation of Cabul, are ample; the information conveyed, too, has been derived from the most authentic sources, and the whole narrative evinces a more than common share of literary ability on the part of her Ladyship. Perhaps, also, this is the only *Journal of the Disasters in Afghanistan* that will reach this country of which some considerable portion has not been drawn from memory; for her Ladyship tells us, that "although several people kept an account of the proceedings at Cabul, all, except herself, lost all they had written, and had recourse to memory afterwards." She, on the contrary, "not only daily noted down events as they occurred, but often did so hourly," and, more fortunate than others in this particular, she was able to save every line that she had composed. In the retreat of the army, she informs us—"I lost everything except the clothes I wore; and therefore, it may appear strange that I should have saved these papers. The mystery is, however, easily solved. After everything was packed on the night before we left Cabul, I sat up to add a few lines to the events of the day, and the next morning I put them in a small bag and tied them round my waist." We have the "Journal," then, exactly as it was written; and we can, therefore, depend more upon its accuracy than upon the correctness of other works relating to the same transactions, which have been drawn solely, or even but in part, from recollection. This is no small advantage, and we are glad that her Ladyship resisted the temptation, to which she appears, at one time, to have been exposed, of rewriting her journal. She observes, that "A much better narrative of past events might have been written, even by myself, but I have preferred keeping my journal as originally written, when events were fresh, and men's minds were biassed by the reports of the day and even hour." This, certainly, was a wise determination, and, for our own parts, we can easily excuse the absence of "fine writing," and be contented with the sterling merits of this excellent and valuable work.

When we took up the volume before us, we did so with a determination to discover, if possible, some sufficient cause for reversing the severe judgment which had previously been passed upon the conduct of both the political and military chiefs in Afghanistan. We thought it just possible that Mr. Eyre might have written with somewhat too much haste, and that his condemnation of his superiors, and of the Indian Government, might, perhaps, have resulted from insufficient causes. Sorry are we to find, however, that Lady Sale confirms, in every particular, the statements of that officer, and there can now be no room to doubt that the destruction of a gallant army was brought about by the gross incapacity and misconduct of those in authority. Her Ladyship says,—

"It is easy to argue on the wisdom or folly of conduct after the catastrophe has taken place. With regard therefore to our chiefs, I shall only say that the Envoy has deeply paid for his attempt to out-diplomatize the Afghans. General Elphinstone, conscious that his powers of mind had become enfeebled with those of his body, and finding there was no hope of General Nott's arrival to assume the command, called in another officer to his aid; who had but one object in view (to get back, at all hazards, to Hindostan). He averred that a retreat

to the Bala Hissar was impossible, as we should have to fight our way (for one mile and a half). If we could not accomplish that, how were we to get through a week's march to Jellalabad? Once in the Bala Hissar, which could have been easily defended by 1,000 men, we should have had plenty of troops for foraging purposes; and the village of Ben-i-shehr, just under the Bala Hissar, would have given us a twelvemonth's provision if we had only made the demonstration of a night march, to have the appearance of taking them by force. Sallies thence might also have been made into the town, where there was always a party, particularly the Kuzilbashes, who would have covertly assisted us, until our returning fortunes permitted them to do so openly.

"Independent of—'s determination to return to India, he often refused to give any opinion when asked for it by the General, a cautious measure, whereby he probably hoped to escape the obloquy that he expected would attach to the Council of War, composed of General Elphinstone, Brigadier Anquetil, and Colonel Chambers. I might say nominally composed; numerically it was much more extended. Captain Grant, with cold caution, obstructed every enterprise and threw all possible difficulties in the way; Captain Bellow was full of doubts and suggestions, all tending to hamper and retard operations; and numbers of young men gave much gratuitous advice; in fact, the greater part of the night was spent in confusing the General's ideas, instead of allowing a sick man time by rest to invigorate his powers. Brigadier Shelton was in the habit of taking his rezaiz with him, and lying on the floor during these discussions, when sleep, whether real or feigned, was a resource against replying to disagreeable questions. Major Thain, a sincere friend and good adviser of the General's, withdrew in disgust from the council; and Sturt, who was ever ready to do anything or give his opinion when asked, from the same feeling no longer proffered it."

Of Sir Wm. MacNaghten her Ladyship writes thus:—"The general impression is, that the Envoy is trying to deceive himself into an assurance that the country is in a quiescent state. He has a difficult part to play, without sufficient moral courage to stem the current singly. About two months since Sir William wrote to Lord Auckland, explaining to him the present state of Afghanistan, and requesting that five additional regiments should be sent to this country, two of them to be European. To these statements a written war succeeded between the Envoy and the Supreme Government of England. Letter after letter came calling for retrenchment. Sir William had been appointed from home Governor of Bombay, and was particularly chosen for the office from being a moderator and a man unlikely to push any violent measures; he hoped affairs might take a turn for the better, and was evidently anxious to leave Cabul and assume his new appointment. In an evil hour he acceded to the entreaties of Sir A. Burnes (who appears to have been blinded on the subject), and wrote to Lord Auckland to nullify his former request for additional troops, and to say that part of those now in the country might be withdrawn. The 1st brigade under Sale was accordingly ordered to be in readiness to move down; and it was generally understood that all would be withdrawn as soon as the Schah had raised five more regiments of own. The letter of recall, as we may term Sir William's, was sent off only two days before the breaking out of the Zeormut affair."

Of Lord Auckland she says—"The state of supineness and fancied security of those in power in cantonments is the result of deference to the opinions of Lord Auckland, whose sovereign will and pleasure it is that tranquillity do reign in Afghanistan; in fact, it is reported at Government-house, Calcutta, that the lawless Afghans are as peaceable as London citizens; and this being decided by the powers that be, why should we be on the alert?"

Again, speaking of the origin of the outbreak, she says—"In former times, under the feudal system, when the sovereign of Cabul required troops, each bold chieftain came forward with his retainers; but these vassals had been taken from them, and were embodied in corps commanded by British officers, to whom they owed no affection, and only paid a forced obedience, whilst their hearts were with their national religion; their chief's power was now greatly limited, and the chook guaranteed to them was withheld on the plea that the Company had commanded retrenchments. But the saving required by Government was a curtailment of those expenses which were defrayed by its own rupees, whereas the 40,000 rupees now the subject of dispute were, in fact, no saving at all to us, as that money was never paid by the Company, but was the chook or money excused to the chiefs out of the revenue or dues owing to the King, on condition of their enforcing the submission of the petty chiefs and the payment of their rents. This sum, whether paid to Schah Soojah or not, would never have replenished the Hon. Company's coffers; and by upholding the Schah in such an act of aggression we compromised our faith, and caused a pretty general insurrection, said to be headed by Meer Musjude." But "The Indian Government have for some time been constantly writing regarding the enormous expenditure in Afghanistan; every day has reiterated retrench; but, instead of lessening the political expenses, and making deductions in that department, they commenced by cutting off these 40,000 rupees from the chiefs."

The conduct of Schah Soojah was far from what it ought to have been towards his allies, and even Sir William MacNaghten's confidence in his sincerity had latterly been much shaken; but, like the rest, he displayed neither vigour nor judgment in anything that he did, and he seems to have been quite as much paralyzed by the proceedings of the rebels as our own political and military chiefs. If he was a traitor, and we have but little doubt upon the subject, it is, at all events, clear that he was not prepared for the rapidity with which the insurrection proceeded.

"He was," says Lady Sale, at the time of the outbreak, "quite sunk into a state of despondency, and would gladly seize any opportunity of asking the opinion of any of the officers as to what was likely to be the issue of the struggle. He put off for the time all the insignia of royalty, made the officers sit by him on chairs, and seemed quite *gobrowed* (an expressive eastern term, to be rendered something between dumbfounded and at one's wits' end). The Schah's conduct in the particular of the chairs is the more worthy of remark, as he had been in the habit of keeping the officers for hours standing with folded hands silently in his presence, and then ungraciously dismissing them without even a passing remark. He now sent to each Sahib a warm silk rezaiz and a pillow, which were very acceptable, as they were all starving with cold."

No one, in short, who had authority to command, had the capacity to exercise it. Disunion and dissension everywhere prevailed, every warning was despised, every precaution neglected; and mismanagement and misconduct characterized every step that was taken, and every measure that was adopted was marked by incapacity. These are grave and serious charges, but Lady Sale will enable us to show that they are not without foundation.

The *Aerial* or *Ariel*, we do not know which is its most proper name, does not seem to make more converts by the publication of its picture. Though on the bird-principle, it is certainly very unlike a bird; and Sam Rogers says the only feature of resemblance is, that it has got a *bill*—in parliament.

DEATH OF THE LAST OF THE ASSASSINS OF GUSTAVUS III.

PARIS, April 6.—There died here in the house No. 27, Rue Louis Le Grand, on Monday last, a remarkable person, Count Ribbing Leven, one of the assassins of Gustavus III., King of Sweden. Before referring to certain incidents in the life of that individual, allow me to state briefly the circumstances of the death of the unfortunate monarch just mentioned, and which, if not new, will possess a most important quality—incontestable proof.

Gustavus, by whose orders the opera-house of Stockholm was erected, caused to be reserved in that pile a suite of apartments for his own use, whither he repaired sometimes before, and generally after, the performances. He dressed and supped there on most of those occasions.

On the 16th of March, 1792, a masked ball was to, and did actually, take place in the Opera-house. His Majesty had early intimated his intention to be present at it. This resolve caused some alarm among his loyal adherents, the Opposition party having become highly exasperated, and even menacing. The King, however, took no heed of those fears; and, after the performance at the Théâtre Français, at which he was present, had terminated, he proceeded to his apartments in the Opera-house to sup and dress for the ball. At table, the King sat between Count Essen (his first Equerry), and Count Lævenhielm (the present Minister of Sweden in Paris), then Captain of Light Horse, doing the duty of Gardes-du-Corps. While at supper, one of the royal pages (Tigerstedt) presented to his Majesty a sealed note, which one of the footmen had received from an unknown person, with an injunction to have it placed in the King's hands. Gustavus read the note, and laid it aside, or put it into his pocket for the moment, and proceeded with his supper. The meal being over, and being alone with Count Essen, the King handed the note to him, desiring him to read it. Essen read it, and finding it to contain an assurance that if his Majesty should appear at the ball he would be assassinated, endeavoured to dissuade him from going, or at least to order that precautions for his protection should be taken. It was in vain. "I have received three and twenty similar notes in my lifetime," said Gustavus; "every king receives heaps of such warnings. There is nothing in it. I would not allow the fellow who wrote it to believe that he frightens me." He thereupon took the arm of the Count, and descended to the ball-room, in which between 1,100 and 1,200 persons were already (at midnight) assembled. He was, of course, the great object of attraction, and was much pressed upon and even inconvenienced by the company who crowded round him. He had not been many minutes in the room when the report of a pistol was heard in the group, and an instantaneous cry arose "The King is shot!" A captain of the guard, a man of very high stature, immediately called out in a voice of thunder, "Close the doors!" The order was obeyed. The King, however, said, "I am not much hurt—let me go to my apartment," and he walked thither without much apparent difficulty.

The state of alarm into which this event threw the company may be conceived. A pistol, evidently only recently discharged, was found on the ground near the spot on which the King had been assassinated. Another was found at some distance from it, and in another part of the room a long and sharp poniard. These were of course taken possession of by the police. As nothing to implicate any individual present appeared, the entire company were allowed to depart on giving their names and addresses and proving their identity. Shortly after two o'clock the rooms were cleared. The police, however, commenced an active inquiry, with a view to trace the assassin. One of the first measures resorted to was to summon all the armourers (gunmakers, &c.) in Stockholm, and it completely succeeded. The arms found in the ball-room were shown to them. One of those persons exclaimed instantly on seeing the pistols, "They are Ankerstroem's. I repaired them for him a fortnight ago." He was, of course, immediately arrested.

Another step taken by the police led to the discovery of the writer of the note. The leading members of the Opposition were naturally regarded with suspicion, and among those M. Lilienhorn was prominent. The billet was written in a feigned hand, which for the moment set scrutiny at defiance. It had been sealed, moreover, by a *cachet de fantaisie*, which also puzzled the police. On its being shown, however, to a chambermaid in the service of Lilienhorn, she at once declared she had often seen the seal of which it was an impression on her master's desk. Lilienhorn was forthwith arrested, and after a short time confessed himself the writer of the note, and denounced all the members of the conspiracy in which the King's death had been resolved on.

Ankerstroem had, however, in the interim avowed his guilt. He admitted that he fired the shot, adding (it is said—and this is the only point on which my information is in the slightest degree doubtful), that when the conspirators proposed to draw lots to decide which of them should kill the King, he said such a ceremony would be superfluous, as he would himself strike the blow.

Count Ribbing, Count Horn, and others, were in the course of the morning arrested. The former, who was a notorious Oppositionist, displayed some finesse in the ball-room after the King had been shot. He approached Count Lævenhielm and inquired how the King did. "His Majesty is not seriously wounded," was the reply. "I am a member of the Opposition, as you know," rejoined Ribbing, "but what you tell me gives me pleasure."

When the King had been brought to his apartment he was immediately undressed and examined. It was found that he had been shot in the back, close to the spine. The wound was declared dangerous. His Majesty displayed vast firmness under the circumstances, and spoke with the utmost kindness to his brother Charles (afterwards Charles XIII.) and all the persons present. Between eight and nine o'clock in the morning one of the King's attendants entered the room in great haste, exclaiming, "The assassin is discovered! 'Tis Ankerstroem!" "You unfortunate man," said the King, "what has induced you to think that I desired to know by whose hand I have been struck? Charles (continued he, addressing his brother), attend to that which I am about to say—I command you as your King—I implore you as my brother—I adjure you as a faithful and loyal subject, to see my dying order obeyed. I lament having heard the name of my murderer. Him, I suppose, it is not possible to save. The people would not, probably, permit his life to be spared; therefore him I leave to be dealt with by the law. With respect to his accomplices—for I fear he had accomplices—let me not know who they are. If they be discovered they will necessarily be tried. If convicted they will be sentenced to death; but this sentence must not be carried into effect. By all the ties I have just named I command and implore that none should suffer death but Ankerstroem. Let the others be banished from Sweden for life!"

The King lingered on for thirteen days. On the eleventh mortification set in, and on the thirteenth (the 29th of March, 1792) he expired.

Ankerstroem and his accomplices were tried and capitally convicted. Ankerstroem only was executed. He died with great courage; but

"The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear;"—

the torture that preceded his death extorted cries of pain, mixed, at the same time, with avowals of his crime and expressions of repentance.

Horn, Lilienhorn, and Ribbing were banished; one of them died in Copenhagen, another in Germany, in poverty, and the third died in Paris last Monday, as I commenced above by informing you.

Count Ribbing arrived in Paris from Sweden at the most violent period of the Revolution, and became, in consequence of his crime, highly popular. He was tall, well made, and "good-looking," advantages which procured for him from Madame de Stael (as you know) the title of her "*beau regicide*." His income was limited; but, as it arrived to him in gold, at a moment when 20*fr.* in that metal were worth 20,000*fr.* in paper (*assignats*), he employed his little means with so much judgment that he purchased considerable property with it: in fact, I believe he was at one time the owner of the superb domain of Rainey. He married an ex-nun (*chanoinesse*) of noble family, by whom he had a son, who survives them. By occurrences not necessary for my narration, he fell into pecuniary embarrassments, and became, and was for many years, a translator of German in the office of the *Courrier Français*. He professed Republican opinions to his death, but was often heard to lament—if not his crime—the exaltation that led him into it, and consequently into suffering and poverty.

Count Ribbing was of a noble Swedish family—his mother of the equally noble family of Leven, which name he added to his patronymic. Shortly before the liberation of Sweden, Christian, King of Denmark, caused 90 noble Swedes to be decapitated in one day for alleged treason. Among them were two boys—the one aged 12, the other 15—of the family of Ribbing.

Correspondent of the London Times.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MOZART.

BY HIS PUPIL, VON TEYFREID.

During the winter months it was his custom to give a series of concerts in the saloon, at the town-hall, called the *Mehlgrube*, to a select committee of subscribers; and there he produced all his newest compositions, such as the grand symphonies of C, D, G minor, and E flat, the six quartets, dedicated to Joseph Haydn, several quintets, grand vocal scenes, concertos for the piano, trios, &c. When at the conclusion of the concert the audience were retiring, a look conveyed to the *élite* of the assembly a hint for them to remain; and gladly was that hint obeyed, for they knew well that what was most glorious was in store. Perhaps this favoured remnant might consist of a dozen real connoisseurs. The first quarter of an hour was devoted to gossip of all kinds, and in paying the due meed of praise to him, the promoter of so much gratification; and then, although fatigued by his task of conducting the band and performing his concertos, he would again throw himself into his chair, let his fingers glide over the keys, and run up and down the scales; and at length, marking two or three notes, would combine them, and soon pour forth a gush of melody and harmony, and, unmindful of all around him, yield to the inspiration of the moment. In his extemporaneous performances he could summon to his aid all the mighty powers he possessed; powers that have died with him; for music's self seemed as though subservient to his control; and when the gifted seer had thus poured forth the marvel of his ardent and inspired spirit, he suddenly closed with a few grand and simple chords, letting his arms fall listlessly by his side, and slowly raising his eyes, radiant with the fire of genius, towards his audience, who, as they listened to him with breathless attention, had pressed nearer and nearer. When the long-pent-up enthusiasm of the younger portion of his auditory at length found vent in a thunder of applause, he would endeavour to moderate their ardour, by exclaiming, in semi-comic tones, "Pshaw, pshaw,—none of your fine speeches!" but when he remarked the silent tear gathering in some age-bedimmed eye, he would rub his hands with an air of the most heartfelt satisfaction, whilst a gentle smile played round his well-chiselled mouth, as he cried in his native Vienna dialect, "Na, Kinderle! hab ich's Euch recht gemacht! Nehmt vorlieb für heute—gute nacht." (Well, children, have I succeeded in pleasing you? Enough for to-day—good night), humming, perhaps, one of his sweet melodies as he uttered the last words. He was particularly fond of billiards and of skittles, which he looked upon as very healthful exercise. Many a time, as nailed to the piano, I have been practising, for the fiftieth time, some difficult passage, has he suddenly closed the instrument over my fingers, tucked my arm under his, and walked me off to the billiard-room, saying, in a voice of command, "March, march! basta adesso! faremo una partita spagnuola." Frequently, when just about to strike his ball, he would stop on a sudden, look straight before him a second or so, hum, in a fit of abstraction, some incomprehensible passage, leave his cue on the billiard-table, hurry to his desk in an adjoining room, note down, as fast as his pen could run over the paper, the ideas that had just occurred to him, return to the table, and double his ball into the pocket as though no such episode had occurred. When in declining health, and enfeebled by mental exertion, he applied himself without relaxation to the composition of his "Requiem," that work so mysteriously bespoken, and so liberally remunerated beforehand. Each day he became graver and more reserved. His delicate frame gradually gave way, and on the fatal 5th of December, 1791, the brightest luminary that ever dawned on the horizon of music was quenched for ever. The "Zauberflöte" was performed on the evening of his death; and, as he lay fever-tossed on his couch, he imagined himself present at the representation, and continually muttered forth in broken sentences:—"The overture went off well to-night—more piano." "The villains (the three Genii) are out of tune." "Bravo, Sarastro! that low F was admirable!" While wrapt up in these visions his immortal spirit fled.—*Mainzer's Musical Times.*

ANIMAL MAGNETISM IN PARIS.

The Paris *Globe* contains the following extraordinary, and, indeed, incredible, details of a sitting of animal magnetism, held two days since in presence of a great number of medical men, ecclesiastics, literary men, and others:—

The person who operated on this occasion was M. Marcelet, of the Rue Grange Batelière, No. 12, an amateur, full of enthusiasm in the science. The persons acted upon were a young woman, named Mlle. Julie, and a young man, whose name is Alexis Didier.

When the female was thrown into a state of somnambulism, a young physician desired her to follow him in imagination to a certain building in the Rue de l'Ecole-de-Médecine, of which he described the kind of door, the courts, &c. He desired her to open a door in one of the rooms inside, to which in his thoughts he conducted her. She did so; but immediately uttered a loud cry, saying that "she saw a dead body on the ground." She consented afterwards, though not without difficulty, to examine the body, and declared it had apparently been made by a pistol-shot. This wound, she said, had been cut with sharp instruments, and a long incision had been made from the shoulder to the elbow. The physician assured the company that the body in question had, a few hours previously, been examined by two medical men, of whom he was one. Her statement was, he said, correct in every respect. He then asked her if she could see his feet through his boots? She replied in the affirmative; and stated that on each foot two of the toes were united together, being a deformity with which he

had been born. The physician declared that such was the fact; and added that he had never seen the young woman before.

The young man Alexis was then magnetized, and thrown into a state of total insensibility. Several medical men thrust sharp instruments and pins into the arm and wrist until the blood ran, without causing the slightest expression of pain. He was thrown into the usual magnetic sleep, and, his eyes having been previously bandaged, he played four games at *écarte*, indicating the cards to be played with the greatest accuracy, and naming those of his adversary, card by card. He also selected out of the whole pack such cards as were asked for, without hesitating a moment. In the course of the experiment, being asked what was passing in a room separated by three others from that in which they were, the somnambulist suddenly exclaimed—"Ah! mon Dieu! there is a gentleman fainting." Some of the company rushed out, and found there a gentleman, who had become unwell from seeing the pins run into the body of the young man. The somnambulist being requested by a lady present to accompany her in thought to a gentleman's seat near Evreux, which she named, he described the whole place, and did not make a single mistake. Being questioned as to the arrangement of a room lately added to the building, he gave a description of it, and declared that a picture was fixed over the chimney-place—that it was a hunting-piece, containing a wild boar and dogs—that it had been painted about three years back by a lady—that this lady was the daughter of the person interrogating him—and that she was then in the house, where they were all assembled. The person questioning him denied this, but the somnambulist persisted in his assertion. Inquiry was in consequence made, and it was, in fact, found that she had come in a few minutes before, but did not like entering the room where the experiments were going on! An ecclesiastic proposed to the young man to follow him in idea to a little town, named Cazères, in the department of the Haute-Garonne, and asked him to describe the church. He did so exactly, declaring the position of every object—the altar, the pulpit, the belfry, and even some statues placed over the entrance. Being asked to examine the windows of the sacristy, he replied that there was but one; and being desired to open it and look out, he said that a river was flowing below. He terminated by giving a most exact description of the curé of the place!

The greatest number of persons present had come to the sitting strongly prejudiced against somnambulism, and all were confounded by what they witnessed. How can all the above facts be explained? We know not!

[We copy the above from *Galignani*. It is scarcely necessary for us to express our conviction that the whole performance, if it really took place as described, was a piece of jugglery, effected by the grossest collusion.]

THE CHAPLAIN'S TALE.

From the "Widows' Almshouse."

On the coast of Somersetshire, and not far from Devonshire, stands a small village which, being blessed with a little bay capable of sheltering a few vessels of 100 tons burden, is dignified with the title of a seaport town. I shall call it Riverhead.

In its centre stands a small irregular building called the market-house, because no market is held there. It used to be a most convenient spot for the little boys to play at marbles and peg-top, because they were protected from the rain, and had nice large red tiles to receive their taws, allies, and tops; when, however, they had pegged the tiles to pieces, the high-constable thought it high time to enclose the building with spurred and barred gates to prevent the floor being injured. In a square inclosing this neither useful nor ornamental building were the residences of the principal inhabitants. The lawyer's was, of course, the most conspicuous, not only from being the largest, and from the pleasing contrast its pea-green door and shutters afforded to the bright red bricks of which the mansion was built, but also from the brilliancy of the large brass plate on the pea-green door, which informed the inhabitants of Riverhead in particular, and the world in general, that its occupier was an attorney and solicitor.

This dwelling was bounded on the south by the one of the two public-houses which was called the inn: on the north by the brewer's residence, which served as a frontage to the brewery, with its malt-houses and store-cellars. Next came "the shop," in which many trades were amalgamated; then a series of smaller buildings, occupied by butchers, bakers, ironmongers, and artisans, all upon a very small scale, and serving as foils to the long, low-fronted and lath-and-plaster edifice whose face was nearly covered with a board, which, in gigantic letters, proclaimed to every one that it was Miss Straightback's "seminary for young ladies." It was called by the young men and the naughty little boys of Riverhead the *blind house*, because the sensitive and sensible mistress always kept her blinds closely drawn down to prevent the world from looking into, and her pupils from looking out of, the "establishment."

From this square a broad and well-kept road, with a wide raised causeway by its side, led down to the lower town, or quay, which was about one quarter of a mile from the upper town. Here stood the other public-house, the Lord Nelson, and some twenty cottages, occupied by those whose business was on the mighty deep—either as fishermen, pilots, or smugglers, or all these concentrated into one. This lower town was built immediately below a mighty cliff, which seemed about to fall upon and crush those who sought shelter at its base. Upon the summit of this cliff stood the church, a fine gothic structure, which seemed to have been placed on its lofty site for a double purpose—as a land-mark to sailors, and to prevent all persons worshipping within its walls who were not blessed with strong legs and good lungs. In spite of an ingenious zig-zag path, the hill, or Tor, as it was called, was almost unclimbable. About midway between the lower town and the church stood the parsonage. This was a judicious situation, as the rector had only half the work of his congregation to perform in reaching the scene of his eloquence, and, of consequence, his lungs were only half as much exhausted as those of his auditors in climbing to the summit. Then what an advantage it was to have his parishioners under his eye, and to know that he was always looked up to by them.

Below this parsonage, and nearly at the foot of the zig-zag path, stood a small but very neat cottage, covered with vines, myrtles, and jasmynes, and surrounded by a garden filled with flowers and evergreens. The little ever-open green gate, which let one into the narrow gravel-walk, leading to the cottage, bore in white letters the name of Lauderly, and modestly announced that he was a surgeon and apothecary, without the aid and assistance of a bottle of blue, red, or green liquid.

Mr. Lauderly had been a surgeon in the army, or, more strictly speaking, an assistant-surgeon, for he had not arrived at the higher honour before peace put an end to his occupation altogether. With his scanty half-pay he might have been starved—he was half-starved—had he not heard that the aged general-practitioner of Riverhead required an assistant. He stood for the situation, and was elected to it to the great disappointment of a numerous body of brother medical officers who were candidates for it. When his predecessor followed his deceased patients to his last long home, his assistant succeeded to his practice.

He took to the furniture, gallipots, and other implements of the trade at a valuation.

Lauderly got all the practice of the place because there was no one to oppose him within a circle of many miles; but the nurses intimated to him that the ladies would feel more comfortable and confident under his care if he were a married instead of a single man.

He meditated on this intimation, and upon consulting his books he thought that with rigid economy, and by keeping his one pony on two feeds a-day instead of four, he might be able to maintain a wife, provided she were very industrious, and could be taught to compound galenicals. He resolved to look about him. He did so; but the circumstance—I use the word in its strictest sense—was not satisfactory. The lawyer, the brewer, and the rector had daughters, but all of them were, by education and habits, more fitted for handling pianos than pill-boxes, and for dancing than dispensing medicines. He felt, too, that if he was caught out in aspiring to their fair hands, their respected and respectable parents would dispense with his services, and set up a rival in the place—not a rival in his affections, but a real rival in his business. He crushed all ambitious thoughts of a connection with law, hops, and divinity.

Whilst Lauderly was hesitating between remaining a bachelor, or going on an expedition into some unknown region—like *Cælebs*—in search of a wife, his meditations were interrupted by the servant at the seminary for young ladies, who came to beg his immediate attendance on Miss Straightback's English teacher, who, as she said, "had been long suffering from the low melancholies, and was then kicking the very stockings off her feet in a violent fit of revulsions."

As Lauderly hurried into the town, he amused his thoughts by wondering what sort of a place the inside of the "blind house" was. No male inhabitant of Riverhead had ever been allowed to penetrate the shrine of Miss Straightback. The place was a mystery to all—saving one little back parlour in which she received her pupils' friends when they came on a visit to their children, or to pay their bills. Even the whitewashing and painting of the interior, during the holidays, was done by herself and her female servants, and the tradesmen were never admitted further than the back courtyard, where a shed was erected for their accommodation, while the cautious lady—who was always talking of "the awful responsibility of a guardian of feminine youth"—bargained with them and inspected their commodities.

Lauderly was admitted by the agency of the pass-key and shown into the parlour. Here he was shortly joined by Miss Straightback, who put on her spectacles, and by the aid of the one dip candle in a brass candle-stick, surveyed the ex-assistant military surgeon without saying one word, or replying to his low bow, and respectful "Good evening, madam," except by a courtesy so descending, if not condescending, that Lauderly thought she was made like a jointed telescope, and could slide down within her own case.

Lauderly felt a little indignant at the prolonged scrutiny, and felt, moreover, as if all the blood of his lower person had been pumped up into his face; but that might have been from the pressure of his black stock, or the too-close-fittingness of his blue surtout.

As Miss did not seem inclined to open the negotiation, the surgeon thought it but proper to do so himself, and when he politely requested to see the suffering teacher, the Principal shook her head very mysteriously, and saying,

"Too young—too good-looking by half," marched out of the room, taking the dip-candle with her, and leaving the surgeon in the dark—literally and metaphorically.

A few minutes elapsed, and Abigail, the maid, entered with dip number two, and after assuring Lauderly that every means had been resorted to to convey the English teacher from her room to the parlour, begged of him to follow her up stairs, and not to turn his eyes right or left, if any of the young ladies *smiled* as he passed.

"They never sees no male critters here, and they'll stare at 'e, as if 'e was a spectre"—meaning a spectre, we presume.

Lauderly certainly heard several sounds of suppressed laughter, slight coughings, and violent sneezings, and he could not help turning to the spots whence these sounds seemed to proceed; nor could he help seeing glimpses of several very pretty, laughing, merry faces, at the half-opened doors of the bed-rooms, in the gallery through which he was being conducted. He even felt his coat-tail gently tugged, and a paper pellet hit him on the face, but the advice of the Abigail was still in his ears, and he walked on as sedately and demurely as if he should not have liked to have a game at romps with the mischievous little laughing elves around him.

At length—the length of the gallery being traversed—he came to a door, which the Abigail gently opened, and he was shown into a miserable little half-furnished apartment, in which were three beds, intended for the English teacher and the two little governess pupils. It had an air of discomfort, such as is seldom seen out of a country boarding-school, or a London cheap lodging-house. On one of the beds lay the form of a fair young girl, apparently of some twenty or three-and-twenty years of age. On either side of her was a stout young lady, who was exerting all her strength to restrain the convulsive efforts of the sufferer by lying on one of her arms.

Miss Straightback stood at the foot of the bed instructing the boxmaid, a powerful, bony-framed woman, by nods and signs how to prevent the legs of the invalid from throwing off the bed-clothes by sitting on her knees.

Lauderly at once saw what ailed the patient, and cutting off a portion of the Abigail's apron-string, lighted it at the candle, and passed it backwards and forwards under the teacher's nostrils as it smouldered away. At first the patient struggled to avoid the application, but after a while a few heavy sobs were succeeded by deep sighs, and the teacher opened her eyes. After persevering in the use of this homely stimulant until he saw that consciousness had returned, and all convulsive efforts had ceased, the surgeon begged that he might be left alone with his patient.

This Miss Straightback most positively refused. "It was indecent in the extreme—it might ruin Riverhead establishment for young ladies, if it were known that the English teacher was left alone with a man, and that man an unmarried man and a *militaire*."

Lauderly knowing that no other medical men could be obtained, was as positive as the school lady, and having told her that *she* would be responsible if any thing fatal was the result of her over-delicacy, succeeded in getting her, the maids, and the two governess-pupils out of the room.

For two hours did Miss Straightback walk up and down the long gallery, wondering what the doctor could be about with his patient. She knocked once or twice, but Mr. Lauderly, on opening the door, merely put his finger to his lip, signifying, "Silence, madam!" and closed it again in her face. Only once did he speak to her, and that was to order two eggs to be beaten up in a large glass of sherry, with a little white sugar.

"Eggs, sherry, and white sugar, for an English teacher!" It was monstrous! but they were furnished.

Miss Straightback would have administered the unwonted dose herself, had not Lauderly taken it of her, and bowed her out of the room. For one hour more did she pace the gallery. She heard voices in conversation, but though she took off her shoes and crept on tiptoe to the keyhole, she could not distinguish a word that was said.

At last the surgeon left, saying he would send some medicine immediately, and see his patient in the morning.

"Poor girl," said Lauderly, as he sat in his easy-chair, after despatching a draught by his only assistant—the stable-boy. "Poor girl! I pity her—yet it is but the old story—an orphan daughter of a clergyman, suffering under the usual clerical complaint, a large family and a small income. Death comes, and away goes every means of support—to relieve her mother and help her little brothers and sisters, she seeks a situation as teacher in a school—much better have been a nursemaid, a housemaid, or even a scullery-maid. What sufferings, insults, and ill-treatment has she not revealed to me this night? It is too bad by—"

"She is very pretty—very delicate—looks consumptive, but that may be merely the result of little food and much work. I think she would make an admirable wife."

As Lauderly came to this conclusion, he fancied Julia Manning—for that was the young lady's name—in the chair opposite to him, mending one of his stockings, and smiling sweetly between the stitches. It was a very homely fancy, but it seemed to please him. He lighted a cigar, mixed a tumbler of toddy, and as the one went out and the other went in, he said aloud, "I will," and went to bed.

Lauderly did as he said he would. He proposed to Julia Manning and in due time was accepted and married.

Mrs. Lauderly on the day of her marriage was presented with a handsome white lion, with red eyes, worked in worsted by her old employer's own hands, as a hearth-rug, upon the express understanding that she was never to reveal the mysteries of the "blind house," and to instruct her husband to recommend pupils to her school.

Poor Julia accepted the rug, and promised everything that was required of her. She was too happy to refuse anything, for she was no longer teacher in a school.

Publicity has lately been given to the sufferings of the milliners' girls in the great metropolis. Facts have come to light in their melancholy lives which must fill every feeling heart with horror and dismay. Eighteen—ay, twenty hours' work, day after day, in close, badly ventilated, cheerless rooms. Disease approaching unseen—or, if seen, unnoticed by the cruel employers, until the victim of finery and inconsiderate luxury, is turned out and sent home to her friends, if she have any, to perish before their eyes.

It is a heart-rending picture, but we doubt whether the poor milliner, hard as is her fate, does not pass many happier hours than the school-teacher in an ill-regulated "Establishment." The former can talk and laugh with her companions as she plies her needle, but the latter must always be not only smileless herself, but the cause of smilelessness in others. From morn till night she must watch her little charges—repress every joyous feeling in herself, and every joyous sign, however innocent, in them. She must bear with all their ill-humours, put up with all their stupidity; be looked upon and treated as a spy on all their actions; be tormented by her pupils, and slighted—if not ill-treated—overworked, and under-fed by her employer.

The reader may exclaim, "The Picture is overdrawn!"

I deny it. Would that evidence of facts—facts stronger than I have alluded to, could be brought before the public; the cry of "Shame—shame!" would be heard in every part of the country. There are female Smikes.

Lauderly and his wife were very happy. Time seemed to fly with hasty wing over their heads; yet they wished him to fly faster, that the period might arrive that would make them parents, and so endear them more closely to each other by giving them an additional tie to bind their hearts.

The much wished for period arrived. A male child was born, and Lauderly, as he embraced his wife and shed tears of joy at knowing that she was safe, felt that he was truly blessed—truly happy. A very few days, however, passed, and where was his happiness?—blighted—withered—gone.

The child sickened, and though the father exerted all his skill, and the mother watched and watched, until her eyes grew dim with watching, his skill and her tender care availed not. Death was not to be repulsed! He crushed his little victim, and as the grave closed over its remains the parents felt the severity of the blow; but they murmured not. They wept in each others' arms, and sinking on their knees, side by side, they prayed that their grief might not cause their hearts to rebel against the decree of Him who had given and taken away their infant almost at one and the same moment.

A second and a third time were their hopes blighted. Sorrow and disappointment made the tender frame of the childless mother still more tender. Her body wasted away daily, and a continued cough rendered her days burdensome and her nights sleepless. Lauderly saw, but could not check, the progress of that fearful malady—consumption.

It did its work slowly but surely. Ere she was again a mother, Julia Lauderly was a corpse; the child, however, was saved, though born after the mother's death, and the father vowed a vow that if the little Posthumus—for so he called his boy—should be spared to him, he would bring him up to the service of the church.

In order that no human means might be left untried for the preservation of his infant, Lauderly selected, from amongst his country patients, a strong healthy woman as a nurse; and watched with anxious eye and beating heart the result of the experiment.

It proved successful; the child grew and thrived, and as soon as it could walk alone and lisped the name of father, he removed it to his own home and placed it under the care of an elderly lady—our old friend, Miss Straightback, who, I am sorry to say, lost all her pupils, and with them her means of support in consequence of a forward young lady having escaped from the back drawing-room window, and run away from "the Establishment" with a lieutenant in the coast-guard service. Less out of pity for her sad situation, than a belief that she would do her duty to his child, Lauderly had solicited her to reside with him as governess and housekeeper. She consented, but reluctantly; it was such an "awful responsibility" to live in the same house with "a man." When once this fearful idea had lost its terrors, she became happy and cheerful, and performed her duties with zeal, and need I add?—discretion.

The "Seminary for Young Ladies" stood unoccupied for some years. No lady had courage enough to open a school in a house which bore so bad a character, and had such accommodating drawing-room windows. The blinds were closely drawn for nearly seven seasons; at the end of that period they were drawn up—the house was converted into "Riverhead Grammar-school."

The squire, in his will, had left a noble sum of money to endow a school for

the benefit of the town and neighbourhood; not only was a liberal salary assigned to the master, but a fund was provided in aid of the maintenance of four scholars at the University.

To this school little Posthumus was sent at eight years of age, and from nine in the morning until five in the evening, kept his kind friend, Miss Straightback, in a state of violent agitation. She passed the tedious hours until school was over, in imagining all sorts of naughtiness that she feared would be instilled into the mind of her innocent charge, by the rude, unfeeling little wretches, who thought nothing of rumpling his neatly plaited frill, and inking his immaculate nankeens. She saw treason in tops, rebellion in hoops, and the worst of vices, in her opinion, uncleanness in football and cricket. She feared that her reign was over, her despotism at a discount.

Her fears, however, were groundless. Posthumus, young as he was, was yet old enough to understand the views which his father entertained for him. They had been explained to him too frequently not to have made a deep impression on his mind; without being dull and miserable, the boy was sedate and studious.

The hours that his schoolfellows devoted to play or idleness, he employed in reviewing the lessons of the morning, or in walking and talking with his father or his governess. He was laughed at, and called by all manner of funny names, but he merely smiled when he was called a "spooney" or a "muff," and put up with kicks and cuffs most stoically. All thought him a little coward, and told him so; but he convinced a big bully to the contrary, by knocking out a few of his front teeth, and leaving him a discoloured eye for having spoken disrespectfully of his father. This had the effect of freeing him from open taunts and practical jokes for the future.

His career as a scholar was so successful, that he was elected first exhibitioner, and sent to college with testimonials so very favourable that the tutors were predisposed to show him that attention and regard which his conduct in the University secured to him in after years.

When he had taken his degree—a creditable one, both in classics and mathematics—the master of Riverhead Grammar-school offered him the situation of assistant to himself.

The offer was gladly accepted, as it would not only afford him sufficient support without further taxing his father's scantily filled purse, but enable him to enjoy the society of that kind and much-loved parent.

When of age to be ordained, he obtained the curacy of an adjoining village, the duties of which he could easily perform without interference with his pursuits in the school. His conduct was so satisfactory that when the principal retired from his mastership, the trustees of the school offered the situation to Posthumus. He gladly accepted it, and by his father's assistance was enabled to purchase the furniture and other necessities for carrying on the business of the school.

Mr. Lauderly, as if the end of his existence had been attained in the establishment of his son for life, as he thought, died shortly afterwards. He bequeathed what little money he had managed to scrape together in his ill-paid arduous profession, to his son, excepting a legacy to his friend, Miss Straightback, who, although now far advanced in years, was still active and capable of superintending the domestic affairs of her nursing, whom she loved with almost a mother's fondness. With what pride would she speak of "her boy, the head-master of Riverhead Grammar-school!"

She was not selfish in her love. She intimated to her charge the propriety of placing a lady at the head of the establishment as his wife. Mammas, she said, and truly said, would never believe that small-tooth-combing and such other necessary but unpleasant duties, were properly performed unless there was a Mrs. Head-master to inspect these operations, and preside over the physics at "spring and fall," which were then deemed indispensable.

Posthumus yielded a ready assent to this proposition, and married the sister of a friend with whom he had been very intimate at college. She was poor; that mattered not. He was comparatively rich. She was very amiable—rather interesting than beautiful—but too meek, too retiring for the duties that devolved on her; that mattered not, her husband thought, as he had a most efficient deputy in his former nurse.

For twelve months all was happiness and prosperity at the school. Posthumus was much liked by the boys, who gave him but little trouble and annoyance. They vented their fun and epite on the ushers. His fatherly care and judicious management of his pupils were so well known and appreciated, that his house was full; and so it would have been had it been twice as large as it was. His wife did the duties of the reception-room so well, that the parents were satisfied that she was a most efficient person in her situation; and as she was over-indulgent to their sons, furnishing them with little delicacies, and shielding them from punishment when she could do so conscientiously, the boys did not fail to confirm their parents in their belief of her efficiency.

The first interruption which Posthumus experienced to his prosperity and happiness, arose from the loss of his friend, Miss Straightback. In her zeal for the cleanliness of her pupils, she over-scrubbed herself and them on a damp, cheerless day. The result was a violent cold. Fever ensued. The medical successor of Mr. Lauderly was called in; but he could not prevail on his patient to submit to his orders. "She would not lie in bed—she could not, when she was wanted in twenty places at once; besides, it was small-tooth-combing day, and that was a day above all others marked with chalk in her weekly calendar. The following day was rice-pudding day, and she always made them herself." Every day, in short, brought its peculiar duties with it, and to those duties Miss Straightback resolved to attend as long as she was able.

She did so; and when she crawled to bed on the fifth night from her first attack, she felt that she should not rise from it again. She sent a message to "her boy," and when Posthumus obeyed her summons, she begged the servant to leave the room, and requested him to give her a small box from beneath the bed. She opened it, and took out a small yellow-canvas bag, and placed it in his hand, begged of him to give her one kiss, and praying to her Maker to bless him, turned on her side, and never spoke again. The bag held about seventy golden guineas.

Scarcely had the severe grief of Mr. and Mrs. Lauderly, for the loss of so valuable a person, subsided, when another and far more serious evil befel them.

Mrs. Lauderly was daily expecting to become a mother. Her health, naturally delicate, had suffered greatly for some weeks, and poor Posthumus was alarmed on her account, although the medical attendant had assured him that his alarm was groundless; and that after the birth of the infant, she would be quite well again. Filled with these fears and anxieties, his duties became burdensome to him, and, for the first time in his life, he wished he were anything but a schoolmaster. Irrksome as they were, however, his duties must be attended to. He went into school, and had scarcely taken his seat, and summoned the sixth form to their lessons, when the head usher reported to him that one of the boarders complained of being unwell. He hinted at the same time that, in his opinion, the illness was put on in consequence of an inability or unwillingness, on

the part of the invalid, to say his morning's task,—that he was shamming, in short, or pretending to be ill, and wishing to commute a flogging for a black dose, or some equally nauseous draught.

Posthumus summoned the boy before him. He examined his tongue and his pulse; and finding that the former was a little furrowed, and the latter rather rapid, he, in spite of the insinuations of his usher, ordered him to the sick room, and sent for the doctor to examine him. The apothecary's report went far to confirm the views of the usher; he said,—“The boy's stomach was slightly deranged, but that he believed if the lesson had been learnt, no complaint would have been heard. An emetic and a little subsequent physicking, would set all to rights again.”

Of course Posthumus felt no further anxiety on the subject, and as the stairs which led to the sick-room—the hospital as the boys called it—were steep and rather dangerous to mount, he would not permit his wife, circumstanced as she was, to climb them merely to see a boy who was shamming ill to shirk his lessons. Mrs. Lauderly contented herself, therefore, with making him a little nice arrowroot or sago, or some other equally innocent, but enticing food, and sent it up to him.

The usher visited the boy when the others retired for the night, and reported that he was very much better, and wished for some supper. The dose of arrowroot was again administered, and one of the ushers was ordered to sleep in his room.

In the morning the boy came into school and said his lessons. After breakfast he again complained, and was again ordered to the sick-room, and visited by the apothecary, who again reported that nothing serious was the matter with him. To the question of the master, “Should he send for his friends?” the doctor replied with a smile, and something more than a smile, “That such a proceeding would be absurd.”

Of course, Posthumus was satisfied, and did not send for the friends. The result proved that both the doctor and he were wrong.

In the course of the afternoon a servant told Mrs. Lauderly, that she really believed that the poor boy was more seriously ill than the doctor gave him credit for. He was hot and restless—fell into frequent short slumbers, in which he talked of his home, his pony, and his rabbits; he woke frightened, and seemed unconscious of his whereabouts. He spoke to her as if to his brothers and sisters, and frightened the poor woman by calling her by several very rude names that he had acquired from the boys of the town.

Mrs. Lauderly would have gone up to his room, but the maid would not allow her until she had summoned her husband from the school-room. He obeyed her summons, and went to visit the patient, who talked as rationally as ever to him, and said he was better. Posthumus thought that his servant was blessed with strong inventive faculties, and had been indulging in the result of them on this occasion. Nevertheless, to “make assurance doubly sure,” he sent for the boy's brother, who was staying with a family in the neighbourhood, and bade him see the little sufferer in the presence of the apothecary. He did so, and left him satisfied that nothing serious was the matter.

Mary, the maid, was very indignant that her word should be doubted. She said she hoped the boy would die, and then they would know that she had spoken the truth. Her hopes were confirmed, for when the doctor came to see him before he retired for the night, he found him in such a state as to alarm him, accustomed as he was to such scenes. He communicated his fears to Posthumus, who immediately sent for the child's brother, and begged him to take a chaise and bring over his parents, who dwelt a few miles off, as speedily as he could.

The young man complied with his wishes, but returned without his father and mother, who had that very afternoon set off on a visit to see some relatives at a distance.

Not long after the chaise had returned, the poor boy died in his brother's arms. Poor Mrs. Lauderly, when she heard of his death, which was judiciously announced to her by the triumphant Mary, was greatly shocked. The thought of what the sufferings of the poor little fellow's mother would be when she heard of the loss of him—her youngest, her darling child, brought on a violent fit of crying, which ended in hysterics. When Posthumus returned to the parlour after seeing that all was properly done to the corpse, he found his wife struggling violently in the arms of Mary, who, strong as she was, could scarcely hold her on the sofa, and prevent her falling to the ground.

Posthumus was frightened at the sight, and his grief for the loss of his little pupil was superseded by fears for his wife's life. He thrust Mary aside, and bid her fetch the doctor, while he held the struggling sufferer. Mary soon returned with him, for he had not left the house. He applied the usual remedies, and relieved the hysterics, but ordered her to be put into bed immediately. In about an hour's time Posthumus was told that his hopes of being a father were destroyed, and that his wife was seriously ill.

In the midst of his grief for the disappointment he had met with, and for his wife's illness, Posthumus had to arrange matters for his pupil's funeral, and the removal of the body to his parents, who were not yet returned to their home, and were still unconscious of their loss. In this he was assisted by the child's brother, who, with tearful eyes, thanked him again and again for his kindness to the deceased, and expressed the regret he felt at the serious illness of Mrs. Lauderly, brought on, as it had been, by his brother's death.

This was consolatory to the master, as he felt assured that all things would be properly explained to the parents as soon as they returned—a feeling that was confirmed by a letter from the brother, announcing his safe arrival at home with the corpse, and repeating the expressions of his gratitude for the attentions conferred on the child, and his regret for the consequences of his death.

Posthumus was in daily expectation of receiving a letter from the child's parents, to inquire after the health of his wife, and to thank them both for their care and attention in the sudden and fatal illness of their son. After the lapse of a fortnight, the expected letter came. Posthumus opened it, and, to his surprise and dismay, found that it contained charges of the grossest cruelty and neglect, founded on the representation of the child's brother—of him who had expressed himself so gratefully both by word and by letter, for the attentions bestowed on the little sufferer.

He was accused of having turned a deaf ear to the child's complaints, of keeping him in school and to his lessons when he was dying, and of supplying him with improper food during his illness, and of neglecting to call in medical aid until it was too late.

Mrs. Lauderly was also grossly attacked for displaying a want of feeling in not having once visited the sick-room, though she knew the boy was dying, and for having sent him a lot of messes instead of supplying him with food suitable to his situation. The letter ended with an order to him to send in his bill immediately, and a threat that his infamous neglect, which had caused the boy's death, should be published to the world.

Who can describe Lauderly's feelings at the receipt of this unjustifiably cruel letter? He sat brooding over it for some time, wondering by what means his

conduct in the business had been so shamefully misrepresented. His grief was great, but it was overcome by his indignation. He knew that the mother of the child was weak in mind and in health, and that she doated on this her youngest, with all a mother's love; but he could not imagine that her husband, who was a sensible, strong-minded man, could be induced to give credit to stories of neglect and cruelty, in one for whom he had professed to entertain a high opinion and a sincere regard.

He suppressed his indignation, however, and wrote a calm, straight-forward letter in answer, explaining every circumstance as it occurred, and quoted largely from the brother's letter, to prove that he had at one time, been fully satisfied with every thing that had been done for the deceased. He enclosed in this a note from the medical gentleman who had attended the child, in which he described the case fully, and the plans that had been pursued in it. He exonerated Mr. and Mrs. Lauderly from all blame whatever; and said, that if any blame attached to any one, it was to himself, for that he had been called in at an early stage of the illness, and in time to save the child, had it been the pleasure of the Giver of life to spare the boy to his parents.

These letters produced an answer more cruel and insulting than the former epistle. The accusations it contained were so serious, and the language in which they were worded was so gross, that the apothecary was resolved to bring an action against the party for defamation of character, and advised Posthumus to do the same.

Posthumus not only declined doing so himself, but succeeded, by alleging the sufferings of the parents at their sudden and great loss, in excuse for their unwarranted severity, in inducing the apothecary to lay aside all thoughts of bringing the action he meditated. He laid the correspondence before the trustees of the school, who not only exonerated him from all blame, but applauded him for the course which he had pursued.

Mrs. Lauderly was still very ill, and Posthumus took care that she should not even suspect that her conduct had been called in question. Mary, however, who had received a couple of guineas “for doing what her mistress ought to have done,” could not resist telling of her good luck, and talking of the horrid stories that were circulated in the town and neighbourhood. As such stories seldom lose any thing when repeated, Mary left her mistress with the pleasing impression on her mind, that the little world of Riverhead believed her to be a cruel, hard-hearted woman, and a murderess of one of the children entrusted to her care.

The result was an increase of fever, and an aggravation of all the worst symptoms of her case. It was doubtful, indeed, whether she would survive the blow. Mary was sorry for the mischief she had done, and being afraid she should be turned out of her situation for her folly, wisely resigned it, and then proclaimed to the world that “Her mistress was *sich* a woman it was impossible to live with her.”

Posthumus, while thus agreeably situated, received several notices from the parents of his pupils, that they should remove their sons at the end of the quarter, and place them where a little attention and kindness would be shown to them in case they should be unwell, and where the mistress of the establishment would not be too proud and hard-hearted to visit the sick-room of a dying child.

He received, in short, so many insults, and heard so many exaggerated accounts of his neglect and cruelty, that he was resolved to resign a situation that had become hateful to him. He did so; and although the trustees and many of his friends did all they could to induce him to remain, he left Riverhead, and took a curacy in the parish in which Mrs. Wrightly's school was situated.

There his wife, after lingering some months, died, and left him a heart-broken but uncomplaining mourner.

In his grief he received many kindnesses from his parishioners; but from none did he receive greater or more valuable favours than from the poor widow, Mrs. Wrightly. When, therefore, that lady had built and endowed her almshouses, and found it necessary to have a resident chaplain, it to be wondered at that she selected for the office a man whose sorrows had made a deep impression on her heart, and whose unaffected piety and purity of mind were so well known to her? Mutual esteem and respect for each other's character led to a union of the hands of those whose hearts had long been joined together. Under these circumstances it was that Mrs. Wrightly became Mrs. Lauderly.

THE WILD HERDS OF AUSTRALIA.

Wild cattle and horses are becoming great pests in the New South Wales interior; as when a tame animal joins the herd, it gets as wild and difficult to catch as the others. A Bathurst settler states, in a published letter, that himself and others had been for three days galloping after wild horses, to drive them into the home stock-yard without success. Governor Macquarie destroyed the wild cattle, first propagated at the Cowpastures forty miles from Sydney, by hunting them into stock-yards of immense size with wide-spreading entrances. The introduction of the *lasso* and *bolos* of South America into Australia, would be a cheap and easy way of annihilating the Colonial wild herds.

The *lasso* is a long, flexible, raw-hide rope, of a thumb's thickness, with an iron ring at one end to make a noose by, and the other end firmly attached to the saddle-front. The horseman, on nearing the animal, makes up his lasso into a coil with the noose uppermost, and on coming within proper distance, whisks it from right to left over his head to give it a good rotatory motion, before launching it forward with unerring aim over the animal's head, both horse and animal at full speed: on this he brings the horse to a sudden stop by means of his powerful bit; when, taught by experience, the horse spreads out its feet and leans over to counteract the jerk that ensues on the animal's being suddenly checked in its speed, which brings it to the ground. The rider then dismounts, blindfolds the animal with his poncho (cloak,) and is thereby enabled quietly to tie its legs.

The *bolos* are round stones or round pieces of lead or iron, of about two pounds weight sewed up in hide, with a small plaited cord of hide attached to each, of about sixteen inches long; three balls being united together by the cord-ends, so as to form a star when extended at equal distances. The horseman, on nearing the animal, takes one ball in hand, and, whirling the others round his head, projects them against the animal's leg, which they twist round and cripple. At the Falkland Isles, I found that each horseman took three sets of *bolos* with him, and, after balling three of the wild cattle, lassoed the fourth and tied its legs, and then similarly served the balled ones. On the following day, the tame herd was driven out around the captives; which were again blindfolded until their legs were untied; after which they quietly joined the tame herd, and never afterwards left it.

Generally speaking, to become expert at the lasso and *bolos*, their practice must be commenced in youth; the South American boys having their little lasso and *bolos* to learn the art with. An English youth at the Falklands, however, soon becomes as expert at the *bolos* and lasso as the South Americans there.

Imperial Parliament.

THE OPIUM TRADE WITH CHINA.

House of Commons, April 4.

Lord ASHLEY presented three petitions against the opium-trade, from the Wesleyan, Baptist, and London Missionary Societies; and moved a resolution for its discontinuance. Although the war with China is at an end, the great cause of it, the opium-trade, is still in full operation, and carried on with increased audacity; and while it lasts, so long must our political and commercial interests in China remain in a precarious state. A number of predictions and warnings of the evils which have resulted from the opium-trade have been given; beginning in 1830, with Mr. Marjoribanks, a gentleman who had been seventeen years in the Company's service, and renewed successively by Captain Alsager, who had made nine voyages to China, Mr. King, an American resident at Canton, Mr. Hamilton Lindsay, and repeatedly by Captain Elliot himself, the Chief Superintendent. Mr. King, in a letter to Captain Elliot, in 1839, showed how the popular sympathy sided with the Government prohibition of the traffic—"For nearly forty years," said Mr. King, "the British merchants, led on by the East India Company, have been driving a trade in violation of the highest laws and the best interests of the Chinese empire. This course has been pushed so far as to derange its currency, to corrupt its officers, and ruin multitudes of its people. The traffic has become associated in the politics of the country with embarrassments and evil omens; in its penal code with the axe and the dungeon; in the breasts of men in private life with the wreck of property, virtue, honour, and happiness. All ranks, from the Emperor on the throne to the people of the humblest hamlets, have felt its sting. To the fact of its descent to the lowest classes of society we are frequent witnesses; and the Court Gazettes are evidence that it has marked out victims for disgrace and ruin even among the Imperial kindred."

Captain Elliot said, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, in 1838—"The vast opium-deliveries at Whampoa, under extremely hazardous circumstances, may certainly, at any moment, produce some grave dilemma."

Proceeding with documentary evidence as to the character of the trade, Lord Ashley quoted Captain Elliot's statement in 1839, that it was passing "from the worst character of forced trade to plain buccaneering"; Sir Henry Pottinger told the Canton merchants, in December last, that the hostility of the Chinese was produced by the mismanagement and ill-treatment of the British; and Mr. Jardine's evidence before the Select Committee in 1840, that the legitimate traders to China carried no arms, while the opium-vessels had each 200 or 150 men and cannon, showed that obstruction to the trade was deliberately resisted by force, and bloodshed if necessary. Lord Ashley turned to the injury which the trade has done to legitimate commerce: Mr. Gutzlaff, Sir George Robinson, and Lord Napier state, that the Chinese are most anxious to trade with us; yet the opium-trade alone has flourished, at the expense of the legitimate traffic. This was proved by a copious use of statistical figures; none more conclusive than the following—

The following statement was extracted from "An account of the value and quantity of cargoes imported into Canton and Macao, on the tonnage employed annually in the country trade, between the different ports of British India, Canton, and Macao, specifying particularly the quantities and value of raw cotton and opium, in the following years," signed "J. Thompson," and dated "East India House, 1st June 1829"—

Years.	Opium.	Cotton and Sundries.
1817-18	£737,775	£2,032,625
1821-22	1,041,562	1,251,011
1825-26	2,445,625	1,479,594
1827-28	2,810,874	1,150,537

He could not continue the tables to the present time; but the House would observe an ascending scale of opium, and descending scale of goods, until, in 1840, the Indian trade amounted in cotton and sundries to £1,000,000, and in opium to £4,000,000; showing that in 1817 the trade in cotton goods, &c., was three times greater than that in opium, and that now the trade in opium was equal to four times that in cotton and sundries. While the British had possession of Chusan, the Scotland arrived, laden with British manufactures, and a brisk trade began; but it was stopped on the appearance of two opium-clippers; the dollars of the natives going to purchase the drug. Major Majoribanks said it was quite a vulgar error to suppose that the Chinese were an anti-commercial people; and Mr. Dunn, the possessor of the Chinese collection, had written Lord Ashley a letter on this part of the subject—"The Chinese (he said) are naturally kind and conciliating, and feel keenly when treated with injustice. They possess a strong predilection for commerce, and a great taste for foreign manufactures. The principal barrier to the rapid increase in the consumption of British goods is, I conceive, the opium-trade. . . . Stop the opium-trade, and you will have their warmest friendship, a friendship that will so facilitate and increase the consumption of your manufactures, that a few years only would show them to be your best customers." This gentleman (continued Lord Ashley) had been admitted to a free intercourse with the Chinese, because they knew that he had never been engaged in the nefarious traffic of opium; and had given him a proof of their kindness by allowing him to bring his interesting collection from different parts of China, and put them into vessels without subjecting them to any examination, official or otherwise. Adverting to the moral bearing of the question, Lord Ashley laid down the principle, that the object of all governments is the maintenance of morality; and he read many extracts from well-known works describing the hideous effects of opium on those addicted to its use. The habit is extending in India, where we are demoralizing our own subjects. Its recent introduction into Assam had converted the people from their robust and enterprising state of body and mind; and one-half of the crime in the opium-districts—the murders, rapes, and affrays—have their origin in opium-eating. Yet the growth of the drug is even forced on the ryot by the ill-paid agents of the Government, who have a commission on the produce; for otherwise, it is observed, the ryot devotes himself to the cultivation of useful and necessary produce. In this manner the district of Benares, called by Mr. Trevelyan the Jamaica of India, from its fitness for the growth of sugar, is forcibly devoted to the cultivation of the poppy. The next class of Lord Ashley's extracts relates to the violent and lawless manner in which the traffic is carried on: e.g. Extract of a letter dated Macao, 14th June, 1839—"The opium-trade is not annihilated. It has only, as it were, changed hands, to a class of men prepared to carry on the traffic at all hazards, to overcome all obstacles that may oppose their progress by the weapons of war, and who, for this purpose, at this time, both here, at Manilla, and Singapore, are fitting out vessels in such a manner as will defy all the naval power of China." Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Macao to his friend in London—"Macao, 6th August. Vessels armed to the teeth are employed along the coast, and actually forcing it into the country." A gentleman who had just returned from a seven years' residence in China said—"In 1837-8, the smuggling in the Canton river in schooners

and small-craft commenced, and much murder and bloodshed must have taken place. In the night the sound of fire-arms on the river might be heard in the foreign factories; the commanders of the clippers openly boasted of their exploits in firing on the Mandarin boats. The commander of boats," said this gentleman, "told me they had fired ten barrels into one boat at one time. The very last accounts report six opium-ships at Chusan, and there were now probably thirty or forty armed ships smuggling opium on the coast of China." The Government is directly cognizant of the trade, and of the manner in which it is conducted. A gentleman of great official experience at Bombay stated, in a letter to Lord Ashley, that arms for the opium-clippers were supplied from the Government arsenal! In 1830, the Governor-General in Council wrote to the Directors, that the growth of opium was encouraged; and Government even made advances for the purpose. The traffic is the greatest of obstructions to the progress of Christianity and civilization. In the debate respecting the gates of Somnath, Mr. Macaulay said, "Every act tending to bring Christianity into contempt is high treason against the civilization of the human race." Lord Ashley fully concurred in that sentiment; and he proceeded to show, on the authority of several missionaries, whose letters he quoted, that opium and the Bible could never enter China together. A fact which occurred but on Monday last furnished a disgraceful illustration of this point—The Baptist Missionary Society—a society which had done a great deal in effecting the spread of the Gospel in this land, and which had produced some of the most eminent and pious men—met last Wednesday to consider the propriety of sending out a missionary to Hong-kong; and at that meeting it had been decided to work through the agency of the American missions, because the public feeling in China was so strong against the English, that if the missionaries must work at all, it must be through America, which had kept aloof from this disgraceful traffic. And what had been the result?—Why, the Baptist Missionary Society of England had voted 500*l.* to be put at the disposal of the American missionaries for the propagation of the Gospel in China. Lord Ashley proposed, in the first place, utterly to destroy the East India Company's monopoly in the drug, by means of which the Company have forced it on the Chinese market, even in excess of the demand; and though he did not directly propose to prohibit its growth in India, his opinion was in favour of doing so. If prohibited in Guzerat and Assam, as it had been, it could be prohibited in Malwa; and in Rungapore, a prohibited crop had been forcibly torn up by order of the Government. He noticed some objections to his motion. It was said by those who differed from him, that the Chinese were insincere in their protestations against our opium-trade; and perhaps it was that the local authorities of China, corrupted by English bribes, were not in earnest: but he did not believe that the Supreme Government in China, which had for sixty years persevered in opposing the traffic, was insincere; and even if it were, the insincerity of China was no excuse for the criminality of England. It was said that you might equally well forbid the growth of barley for the sake of stopping distillation: but barley was not like opium, convertible only to vicious purposes. He read the names of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in London, subscribed to a paper affirming the injurious effects of opium taken as a luxury. The trade brings dishonour on this country among other states by her perseverance in so discreditable a trade; which is a bad contrast with the conduct of Spain at Manilla, and of the Dutch at Java, both of which countries have prohibited the export of opium to China. The Noble Lord concluded his lengthened address with the following words, being hailed at their conclusion with repeated bursts of cheering from all parts of the House:—

Although I know I may be subject to animadversion, and perhaps rebuked, for having ventured to handle so important a matter, yet I shall always rejoice that I have laid this abominable evil before the public. The condition of this empire does demand the most deep and solemn consideration; within and without we are hollow and insecure. True it is, that while we wear a certain appearance of power and majesty, one arm resting on the east and another on the west, we are trampling, under foot, in too many instances, every moral and religious obligation. I confess I speak most sincerely, though few, perhaps, will agree with me; but I do say, it is in my heart, and I will bring it out—if this is to be the course of our future policy, if thus we are to exercise our arts and arms, our science and superiority of knowledge over the world—if all these are to be turned to the injury and not to the advantage of mankind, I should much prefer that we shrink within the proportions of virtue, and descend into the level of a third-rate power. Now a great and glorious opportunity is offered to us of being just and generous in the height of our victory, and with such a spirit and with such views I do believe we may be spared to run a blessed, a useful, and a glorious career, directing all our energies and all our powers, all that we have and all that we shall have, to that one great end of human existence, "Glory to God in the highest, peace and good-will towards men"—(Cheers). The noble lord concluded by moving—

"That it is the opinion of this House, that the continuance of the trade in opium, and the monopoly of its growth in the territories of British India, is destructive of all relations of amity between England and China, injurious to the manufacturing interests of the country by the very serious diminution of legitimate commerce, and utterly inconsistent with the honour and duties of a Christian kingdom; and that steps be taken, as soon as possible, with due regard to the rights of governments and individuals, to abolish the evil."

Mr. BROTHERTON seconded the motion; taking for his principle Mr. Fox's maxim, that "what is morally wrong can never be politically right."

Mr. BINGHAM BARING did not deny the great and palpable evils arising from the traffic, but there had been great exaggerations of those evils. Lord Ashley stated that the cultivation of opium could easily be put down; but that was an erroneous assumption. Opium is used by the Mahometan population of India, as the only stimulant permitted by their religion; and grown as it is in Malwa and other native territories, no power that we can raise could prevent its cultivation. An attempt to suppress it in Malwa had already proved unsuccessful. On the cessation of disturbances in British India, when peace was restored, and the people were enabled to return to their ordinary pursuits, then in spite of the cultivation of the poppy by the Company, the growth was carried on to such an extent elsewhere as to create a danger of the production of the drug at a reduced rate, and of its introduction by smugglers into other parts of the peninsula. In order to avoid such an evil, and in some sort to control the cultivation, the Company attempted to form treaties with the native chiefs. In some cases they succeeded in this endeavour, but in other instances they were not enabled to obtain the concurrence of the chiefs. A system of smuggling then commenced. Armed bands arose—men accustomed to follow any leader, or to place their swords at the disposal of any party giving them employment: this class sprung up in some parts of the country, and, in accordance with the custom of their fathers and forefathers, they are willing to lend their aid to those who would pay them. It was Sir Charles Metcalfe, who, finding that we were about to create another Pindaree warfare, advised the Government to yield, told them that they would be not successful, and, in lieu of suppressing the cultiva-

tion, induced them to establish an export-duty, which should be fixed as high as possible. From this it was evident that the Company had made every effort to put down smuggling, and had yielded only to an absolute necessity. In many districts of our own territory, of large extent, the only persons to support our interests are a collector and his deputy, and a magistrate and his deputy; but even if they constituted a machinery sufficient for the purpose, what would be the physical results? There are other drugs infinitely more prejudicial to health, such as an exudation of the hemp-plant, easily collected at certain seasons. It was said that advances are made for the cultivation; but why?—simply because pre-payment is the best mode of payment. Lord Ashley said that the monopoly extended the cultivation: the Committee of 1832, on the authority of Mr. Holt Mackenzie, argued in favour of opening the trade, on the ground that a cheap and abundant supply would be the consequence. Lord Ashley suggested no means by which Government could guard the coast of China from the introduction of opium; and even if this country were to maintain a powerful navy, aided by steamers and all the officials of China, he would defy them to prevent those scenes of rapine and disorder which would result from an attempt to stop the trade. The only remedy for that evil was, that the Emperor should legalize the trade. Hoping that Lord Ashley would not insist on asking to affirm an abstract resolution like the present, he would move the previous question.

Sir GEORGE STAUNTON, after careful deliberation, had come to the conclusion, that the continuance of the opium-trade was incompatible with the maintenance of friendly relations between this country and China. He enumerated the several advantages which we possess in the intercourse with China, or which are secured to us by the Nankin treaty,—the importation of tea, which yields a revenue of 4,000,000*l.* to the State, the opening of four new ports situate in districts remarkable for that produce in which our merchants chiefly desire to trade, the new arrangements for handing over Chinese offenders to Chinese and British offenders to British tribunals; and he asked if those advantages were to be abandoned for the sake of a monopoly in opium? He urged upon the House the necessity of legislating to carry out that part of the treaty relating to the administration of justice; for if it were postponed till March next, the intelligence of the settlement could not reach China till the July following, and in the interval our fellow-subjects in that part of the world would be under a kind of Lynch-law. Even if, as some had wished, the trade were legalized under a heavy duty, that would not prevent smuggling: a letter from China, dated Canton, 24th December 1842, said—“The opium question is left *in statu quo*, and may yet cause trouble. In England we might get such a subject at rest by legalizing the drug, seeing that better could not be done, but not so in China? If the Emperor, after having opposed the introduction of opium with all his strength—after having stigmatized it as a poison, and cut off the heads of a great number of people for selling it, and even for smoking it—were now to turn round and make it a Government monopoly, and set himself up as the principal vendor and encourager of the evil, I do not think he would be a month longer on his throne. The Emperor may wink at its being smuggled, but I do not think he can ever consent to legalize it; and while it thus continues to be a prohibited article, it puts our friendly relations in jeopardy every hour.” Sir George contended, that the law of nations obliges Government to instruct its Consuls to observe the prohibitions which Foreign Governments impose; and he concluded by exhorting Lord Ashley to imitate the perseverance of his great predecessor, Wilberforce.

Mr. HOGG contended that Lord Ashley's remedy would aggravate the evils. From the earliest period during the reign of the Moguls, a revenue had been raised from opium in Hindostan. In 1786, the subject had attracted the attention of Lord Cornwallis, who suggested a monopoly as the means of raising the largest amount of revenue with the smallest amount of consumption. In this the Government had succeeded pretty well, and the exports were small till about the years 1814 and 1816: but then a new state of things arose, in consequence of the general peace in Europe and the settlement of Central Asia by Lord Hastings, when a new impulse was given to Indian commerce; and the speculators gave the Government to understand, that soon, if things went on as they were, the opium of British India would be thrown out of the market, and the Government would thus lose its control over the trade, which would be vastly augmented: it was then settled that a bounty should be given to the transference of opium from Malwa to Bombay: and this was shortly the state of the question as far as regarded history. At present no man can plant opium without an agreement with the Government; and what restriction could equal that? The monopoly was on these grounds approved of by Mr. Mill the historian. In Malwa, they had, from political reasons, tried the very course recommended by Lord Ashley; and when the monopoly was abolished, the quantity produced increased from 2,500 chests to 10,354. Should India forego the supply of opium, it would be produced in other countries—the Punjab, Java, the Philippine Islands, Egypt, Turkey, and perhaps South America; and having thrown away a revenue of £1,200,000, they would find opium growing up in a variety of other soils. Lord Ashley spoke as if the Americans did not deal in opium: why, they had the whole trade in Turkey opium. Mr. Jardine had said, that he knew one person deterred from dealing in opium from moral considerations—Mr. Key; but then, added Mr. Jardine, unfortunately he smuggled in every thing else. Mr. Hogg denied that the effects of opium are so disgusting or so demoralizing as those of excessive drinking; and he attributed the bad effects in Assam to the dreadful climate of that country. The falling off in the exports to China had been accounted for last year by Mr. Hastie; who, when Sir Robert Peel referred to the great increase in the exports to India, said that the increase arose from the fact that exports to China are now not sent direct, but through Bombay. And it was absurd to compare the trade of this country with China and that with other countries, because we had never dealt with China as a nation, but only with the Hong merchants. Mr. Hogg referred to the fact that the Viceroy and the local authorities at Canton sanctioned the trade for their own emolument; and to the real cause of the alarm expressed by the Chinese Government, the export of Sycee silver in payment for the opium: the same alarm would have been expressed at a trade in manufactures, so paid for. Tchew-sun recommended that if the opium-trade were legalized, the drug should be paid for not in silver but in goods. If we could not prevent smuggling on our own coasts, how could we prevent it in China?

Sir ROBERT PEEL observed, that this was a question affecting a revenue to the amount of £1,200,000, at a time when a further revenue could only be raised from the scanty earnings of the agricultural labourer. When Sir Robert Inglis said there was an opportunity to enable the British negotiator to make some satisfactory arrangement, ought he not to have asked, whether or not such negotiations were now pending; and if they were, whether there was not a risk that the motion might defeat the hopes entertained from diplomatic intervention? The motion embraced two questions,—whether the illegal trade in opium was contrary to the wishes of the Chinese Government; and whether, by the resolution, the House could prevent the growth of a certain drug? As

to the former question, instructions had already been given on the subject to Sir Henry Pottinger. Now, what were Sir Henry Pottinger's feelings towards the Chinese Government? did he not stand almost alone there? and had he not given proof that he was a man in whom the House might confide? [Cheers.] From the instructions given to him by Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel read a passage—

“Whatever may be the result of your endeavours to prevail upon the Chinese Government to legalize the sale of opium, it will be right that her Majesty's servants in China should hold themselves aloof from all connexion with so discreditable a traffic. The British merchant, who may be a smuggler, must receive no protection or support in the prosecution of his illegal sale; and he must be made aware that he will have to take the consequences of his own conduct. Her Majesty's Government have not the power to put a stop to this trade on the part of the British smuggler; but they may impede it in some degree by preventing Hong-kong and its waters from being used as a point by the British smuggler, as a starting-point for his illegal acts. That is to say, when Hong-kong is ceded—until that, the smuggling of opium cannot be prohibited there; but as soon as it is ceded, you will have the power to prevent the importation of opium into Hong-kong for the purpose of exportation into China.”

Under these considerations, it was much better that the matter should be left in the hands of Government. When Sir Robert was called upon to interdict the growth of opium in order to benefit the manufacturers of this country, he was doubly unwilling to sanction the resolution,—first, because it assumed that the growth of opium ought to be stopped because persons in another country could not so control their own appetites as to prevent an abuse of it; and next, as the plant is grown in countries over which we have no control, if the monopoly were abolished, it was impossible to anticipate the evils which might ensue in India. In fact, it was impossible to affirm the resolution with the imperfect information possessed by the House. India had a flourishing cotton manufacture, which this country has destroyed; she was left in undisturbed possession of her agriculture; and if the trade could be legalized, it would be most unjust, for the purpose of opening a market for British manufactures, to adopt measures which would inevitably destroy the agriculture of India. Members were very sensitive on the subject of opium; but do we not raise a revenue on tobacco, which is very stimulating in its character?—[A Member, “Composing!” Loud laughter]—on wine, brandy, and gin; articles which are often used in great excess and give rise to many destructive consequences? They wanted to increase the manufacturing trade with India; but did they not employ children of a young and tender age in the production of those manufactures; while they called out about the injury of the opium-trade to health and morals? Sir Robert Peel concluded by recommending Lord Ashley to withdraw his motion.

Lord ASHLEY, with the single remark that Lord Cornwallis's minute of 1786 referred to a different state of things, consented to withdraw his motion, on the representation that it would interfere with pending negotiations.

EDUCATION.

House of Commons, April 10.

After the presentation of petitions, Lord J. RUSSEL laid on the table the following resolutions which it was his intention to propose in committee after Easter:

1. That in any bill for the promotion of education in Great Britain, by which a board shall be authorised to levy, or cause to be levied, parochial rates for the erection and maintenance of schools, provision ought to be made for an adequate representation of the rate-payers of the parish in such board.
2. That the chairman of such board ought to be elected by the board itself.
3. That the Holy Scriptures, in the authorised version, should be taught in all schools established by any such board.
4. That special provision should be made for cases in which Roman Catholic parents may object to the instruction of their children in the Holy Scriptures in such schools.
5. That no other book of religious instruction should be used in such schools, unless with the sanction of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the concurrence of the Committee of Privy Council for Education.
6. That, in order to prevent the disqualification of competent schoolmasters on religious grounds, the books of religious instruction, other than the Holy Bible, introduced into the schools, should be taught apart by the clergyman of the parish, or some person appointed by him, to the children of Protestants who belong to the Established Church, or who may be desirous that their children should be so instructed.
7. That all children taught in such schools should have free liberty to resort to any Sunday-school, or any place of religious worship which their parents may approve.
8. That any school connected with the National School Society, or the British and Foreign School Society, and Protestant Dissenters' school, and any Roman Catholic school, which shall be found upon inspection to be efficiently conducted, should be entitled by licence from the Privy Council to grant certificates of school attendance for the purpose of employment in factories of children and young persons.
9. That, in the opinion of this House the Committee of Privy Council for Education ought to be furnished with means to enable them to establish and maintain a sufficient number of training and model schools in Great Britain.
10. That the said committee ought likewise to be enabled to grant gratuities to deserving schoolmasters, and to afford such aid to schools established by voluntary contribution as may tend to the more complete instruction of the people in religious and secular knowledge, while, at the same time, the rights of conscience may be respected.

Sir J. GRAHAM said he had not had as yet any opportunity of considering these resolutions, for he was not at all cognizant of them until now that they had been read by the noble lord; but he would give them his best attention. He had every reason to hope and believe that this question would be most dispassionately considered. On the former occasion he had received the greatest assistance from the Noble Lord and other Honourable Members in promoting a calm and dispassionate discussion; and he trusted that the House would act up to this principle throughout. Since the second reading of the measure he had received many deputations on the subject, and had heard objections to various parts of the bill. It had been the duty of himself and of his colleagues, a duty which they most readily fulfilled, to give their most calm and dispassionate consideration to the objections suggested. He was not prepared now to state exactly what modifications of the original proposal the Government was disposed to make; but thus far he was at liberty to mention to the House, that several points touched upon in the noble lord's resolutions had formed the subject of deliberation with the Government; and he confidently hoped that, consistently with the principles announced by him on the second reading, it would be in his power to propose several modifications upon those points.

Lord J. RUSSEL said that he had so framed the resolutions as to meet the moderate tone in which the subject had hitherto been referred to. He had not communicated anything on the subject of the resolutions, either to the Government or to the Dissenters, before laying them on the table of the House. He cordially joined in the hope expressed by the right hon. baronet, that the discussion of this important subject would be continued in the same calm and dispassionate tone in which it had been commenced.

THE CREOLE.—In reply to Lord PALMERSTON, Lord STANLY, in reference to the case of the *Creole*, said that no fresh instructions had been sent out to the Governor of the Bahamas, with a view of providing for any future hypothetical case, but that the confidential opinion of the law officers of the Crown had been transmitted to him; and the House might rest assured that the right of slaves to their freedom, when in a British port, would not suffer in the hands of the Government.

SLAVERY IN INDIA.

House of Commons, April 10.

Mr. STUART WORTLEY stated that among the papers laid before the House, connected with the treaty of Washington, was a report made to the United States government, by two officers of the United States navy, on the nature and consequences of the African slave trade. In that report those two officers describe the slave trade on the western coast of Africa, and remark:—"From the best information we can obtain, it seems that a large trade is carried on by the Portuguese colonies, the Arab chiefs, and negro tribes. Their greatest markets are the Mahomedan countries bordering on the Red Sea, Persian Gulf, the Portuguese East India colonies, Bombay, and perhaps other British possessions in the East Indies; this part of the trade is probably in the hands of Arab vessels." It should be remembered that these allegations were made by two commanders of the United States navy, who had been expressly appointed to report on the subject of the slave trade on the coast of Africa. They were made, too, in a report which was presented to that Government, as the basis of its negotiations, and they were on this account of more importance than they appeared at first sight, and they deserved to be brought under the notice of the English Parliament. For his own part, he believed the allegations to be totally unfounded, and they appeared on the face of them to be ridiculous and absurd. At the same time they were consistent with the spirit which prevailed in the United States; and he found several proofs, in the writings by which the negotiations were carried on, of a willingness to entertain the worst suspicions of our motives and practices. The allegations were vague, but still he thought it was necessary that her Majesty's Government should desire them to be unfounded, and should meet them with nothing less than indignant refutation.

Sir R. PEEL said this report was laid before Congress, and he did not consider himself entitled, in laying the papers connected with the Washington treaty before the House, to exclude this, notwithstanding the observations which it contained reflecting on our Government. His hon. friend must not, however, suppose that the practices there referred to really existed, or that there were any grounds for the observation, because no remarks had been made on the document on laying it on the table of the House. He was glad of the opportunity to correct the erroneous impressions likely to be made by the report. With respect to slavery continued in India in the territories under our control, there was no ground whatever for the suspicions. But it was impossible to deny that a traffic in slaves did take place in some parts of India. In the Nizam, for example, there was a considerable traffic in slaves; there was some traffic in the Portuguese colonies; and there might be slaves introduced into the British ports from neighbouring territories over which we had no control. Cases of that kind had occurred. In November, 1841, an agent of one of the Ameers of Scinde was brought to trial, at Bombay, for taking away negroes from Bombay to Scinde. As the offence was committed within our jurisdiction he was tried and convicted, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. Strong representations were made to the Government to pardon him, but the Government refused to attend to these representations, and the man was now suffering the execution of his sentence. In the sessions for 1841, at Bombay, four persons were brought to trial for a similar offence, and were sentenced to five years' imprisonment. The Government, therefore, was endeavouring, by the application of British law to correct the evil as fast as possible. There were thousands of Arabs, in several parts of India, who were in the capacity of slaves, and who, with their wives (or women who pass as their wives), were in the same condition, and it was difficult to prevent that species of slavery, and, amongst them, a species of slave-trade. But the impression which that paragraph was calculated to make, that the slave-trade was continued in British India, was totally without foundation. He had great satisfaction in stating that measures had been adopted to enforce the law. The right hon. baronet went on further to state the measures which had been employed in India to repress all trade in slaves, and the negotiations which had been carried on with the Portuguese authorities in India for the same purpose. The subject he hardly need assure the House had occupied continually the attention of her Majesty's Government for several years, and he could assure the House that the Government of India was sedulously engaged with it, and considered it of great and undoubted importance.

PIRACY IN THE CANTON RIVER.

The subjoined interesting narrative is contained in a letter from a young English gentleman, Mr. Craven Wilson, who himself, as will be seen, narrowly escaped destruction. We cannot speak too highly of the energy and determination he displayed under circumstances of such extreme peril. He is under twenty years of age, but when with Messrs. Brodribb had endeared himself to every one with whom he had been associated. The letter is dated Macao, January 15, and is addressed to his father:—

"As there is a clipper vessel leaving this for Bombay in the course of a few hours, I take the opportunity of writing a few lines, trusting the letter will be in time for the March overland mail from that port, and so reach England in time to contradict any report of my having been murdered on board the *Enterprise*, a lurcher or lighter employed by our house to carry goods from Macao to Canton. It is true that the vessel has been captured and destroyed, and up to the present moment we have no reason to infer other than that myself and a Chinese girl are the only survivors, the captain and crew having been horribly murdered; and the vessel, after being plundered, was set on fire and destroyed. Through a wonderful and great providential care I have escaped a multitude of dangers, the relation of which is beyond any description, and I can only heartily and sincerely thank God for having extended towards me such a miraculous preservation.

"On Thursday, the 6th of January, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, I left the shore at Macao to reach the vessel, which afterwards proved so great a source of danger; she was called the *Enterprise*, and in command of Captain Sharp. We remained alongside a schooner in the Macao roads until about nine

o'clock that evening, being engaged in taking bales from her to be conveyed to Canton. We got under weigh with a fair breeze, intending to call first at Hong-Kong. She had been off about three hours when I went to bed, but did not take off my clothes. Captain Sharp also went to bed at the same time. I had been asleep about three hours, as nearly as I can guess, when I was awakened with hearing a scuffling noise on deck, and a moment afterwards I heard a fearful screaming from a Chinese girl who was on board. On looking out from my berth I could see the captain, whose sleeping place was exactly opposite mine; he was lying with his throat cut, and as if he had been murdered without making any resistance.

"When lying down on the bed, I had taken the precaution of having my musket close at hand, indeed it was close to my hand behind the bed curtains. On my first awaking and seeing the horrid fate of the poor captain, I jumped out of the bed, and seizing a cutlass from the cabin, rushed up the companion stairs, and just as I had reached the top I was struck down by the blow of a cutlass, given by a man standing over the companion. For a moment I was staggered, and on making a second attempt I was again knocked down, and received in this second blow a slight cut on my right cheek. Seeing that any attempt at forcing my way would only end in certain death, I concealed myself behind the bed curtains, but here I was soon discovered by the man, who was still standing over the cabin stairs, and who on seeing my place of concealment immediately seized a boarding pike, with which he endeavoured to rout me out from behind. A scuffle at that moment was going on upon the deck; this attracted his attention, and gave me an opportunity of concealing myself in the butler's pantry, where I found the steward (who, I believe, was a Portuguese) lying covered over by what appeared to be a door, or some large heavy piece of wood. I immediately got under this. I remained with him the whole of that night, and next day, and half the succeeding night, with nothing to eat save one orange, which we had found in a basket in the pantry. We were once or twice routed with poles by the men, but were not discovered until they had finished plundering the vessel. On looking from our hiding-place we could see a man standing near, looking in under upon us, and having a lantern in his hand, the light of which shone upon my face through a trap-door looking from the pantry into the hold. The man was a Chinese, and instantly on seeing me he gave an awful yell to his companions, and then, laying hold of an iron bar which they had used to break the coals with, he thrust it underneath, and gave us some awful pokes about the head. In fact, I now gave myself up for dead, and remained without moving a muscle the whole of the time of his attack, and for some time afterwards. He then left me, thinking I was quite dead.

"After plundering the lighter of every thing they considered valuable, they set to and burned her, by first setting fire to a heap of coals, which they had previously placed in the hold along with some straw and other such things. We, however, did not move until we were forced out by the smoke and heat, and the fire had reached to within a few feet of us. We then both got up and made the best of our way to the companion, but found the wretches had pulled this down, and therefore we had to scramble up the side of the deck. On reaching the upper deck we found they had all gone, and we did not see any signs of either living or dead. The night was very dark, and possibly this might have favoured us. We had not been there more than two minutes before the poor Chinese girl joined us. They had left her either to burn or drown. Fortunately there was a boat towing astern of the lighter; and after a great deal of trouble and exertion we managed to reach it. What with cold, fright, hunger, and loss of blood, we were all three well nigh exhausted. The poor steward was cut most dreadfully about the legs, arms, and body, large pieces of flesh being completely torn out. The girl, being a Chinese, had been left uninjured. We were now in an open boat, without either sails, oars, or rudder; and, as it blew fresh at the time, we could not do more than trust in the merciful consideration of the Almighty to deliver us. The boat was almost half full of water when we got into her, and we were at a loss for anything to bale her out with. I was obliged to take off my boots and bale her out with these; fortunately they were Wellingtons, and so we overcame this seemingly insurmountable difficulty. While doing this a heavy sea was running, and as it was pitch dark, our situation was most precarious and distressing. The poor steward was lying in the boat, almost insensible from the excessive pain he had endured, together with famine and loss of blood; he was crying bitterly for water to drink. The Chinese girl was bundled up in the stern of the boat, and I was endeavouring to steer with a piece of the footboard, but with no success. The night passed most anxiously and prayerfully with me, and without our knowing at all in what part we were. The morning, however, brought us brighter prospects, and we found ourselves about nine o'clock drifting on towards one of the islands; on the boat touching we immediately landed, the girl and I proceeding in search of the inhabitants, and we left the steward lying on the shore—he was unable to walk; the poor fellow died in a day or two afterwards from previous starvation and loss of blood. The girl and myself rested for a short time, and, looking up, saw several Chinamen, who appeared to be fishermen, coming towards us, and bringing with them some rice and cakes, for which we were very thankful, as we had now been more than forty-eight hours without food. We ate with great avidity, and with extreme thankfulness to the Almighty. The fishermen treated us very kindly in every respect, dressing my wounds, and making us up beds with mats and straw. I remained on the island from the morning of Saturday until Thursday, when I left, and arrived safe at Macao at seven o'clock, by a Chinese boat, the passage in which was given for sixty dollars. Eight of the Ladrone pirates had been captured, and are in Macao. The value of our cargo on board the *Enterprise* was 55,000 dollars, and had we reached Hong-Kong they would have had greater booty; we were to have taken on board 25,000 dollars there to take on to Canton. It is supposed that two of our own crew were associated with the pirates."

Foreign Summary.

Sir Charles Napier, who gained the great victory over the Ameers, was the gallant leader of the 50th regiment at the battle of Corunna, under Sir John Moore, when he was left for dead on the field.

A letter from Hamburg states, that the activity in re-building the portion of that city destroyed by the great fire had been so great, that 500 new houses have already been roofed in.

NOVEL STEAMBOAT.—The *Journal de Saint-Etienne* speaks of a new kind of steamboat. It is called the *Gratin*, and is remarkable for having, in addition to the usual paddle-wheels, a large cast-iron one of about 15 feet in diameter, and weighing 500 quintals, which rises or falls, according to the depth of the Rhône, and is armed with strong teeth, which take hold on the ground. The *Gratin* is used for the transport of ore from Lavotte to Givors, and has carried, on an average, 300 tons a day.

The Wesleyans educate 18,533 day scholars in England and Wales, and 374,611 Sunday scholars.

By a singular coincidence, many of the crowned heads now living were born in the month of April. The Queen of the French was born on the 26th, of April, 1782; the Queen of the Belgians on the 3d, 1812; Christiana, Queen Dowager of Spain, on the 27th, 1806; the Emperor of Austria on the 19th, 1793; Donna Maria of Portugal on the 4th, 1819; the Sultan on the 19th, 1823.

THE LATE DR. ROBERT SOUTHEY.—This celebrated man may perhaps be considered as having been one of the more fortunate of the literati, inasmuch as he enjoyed a pension from the government for many years, and has left personal property amounting to about £12,000. By his will, dated the 26th of August, 1839, he has bequeathed to his wife all the personal property possessed by her previously to their marriage, together with the interest of the sum of £2,000 during her life. The residue of his property, including the above £2,000, he has bequeathed to his four children, Charles Cuthbert Southey, Edith Mary Warter, Bertha Hill, and Katherine Southey, equally; and, in case of the death of any of them before the testator, their share is to be divided amongst their children (if any). The executors named are Henry Herbert Southey, M. D., of Harley-street, and Mr. Henry Taylor, of the Colonial Office.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The number of visitors at this national establishment yesterday exceeded those who had been admitted on any previous occasion of the Easter holidays. The number yesterday was 18,432, whilst last year on Easter Monday they were 14,320. Notwithstanding the large concourse of persons yesterday, not a single case of robbery occurred. The company would possibly have been more numerous but for the attraction of the recent opening of the Thames Tunnel. Notwithstanding this numerous concourse of visitors, none were refused admission on the ground of intoxication, and no damage was done in the numerous rooms through which the company were distributed. A great object of attraction was the original copy of Magna Charta, signed by King John, at Runnymede.

The amount of British capital engaged in Brazil is estimated at not less than ten millions of pounds sterling.

The government has, it is understood, intimated to its adherents among the patrons, that they had better be prepared to present in case of any secession.—*Aberdeen Herald.*

The lovers and collectors of Art in Paris have had their attention occupied by the sales of two important galleries, which have taken place during the last and previous weeks. The sale of the Aguado Collection was preceded by that of M. Perier, which realized about 246,000 fr. (9,600*l.*), an amount somewhat exceeding their cost to M. Perier. The proceeds of the Aguado sale, on the contrary, fell short of the expectations formed; having realized about 450,000fr. A 'Virgin and Child,' by Raphael, sold for 27,000fr.—a Murillo, 19,000fr., bought, it is believed for the present Marquis de las Marismas (Aguado)—the 'Annunciation,' 17,900fr., purchased by the Marquis of Hertford, who also bought a 'Teniers for 15,300 fr. The Velasquez was knocked down to Mr. Moran, for 12,750fr.—the 'Magdalen' of Canova was carried off by the Duke of Galliera for 59,500fr., being 7,000 less than M. Aguado paid for it.

PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.—At the annual dinner, at the London Tavern, Mr. Dickens presided; and the meeting went off with great éclat. Mr. Dickens spoke several times, and interested his auditors; and being ably seconded by Mr. T. Hood, Mr. J. Forster, Mr. R. Bell, and other distinguished literary men, the evening was spent in capital style, and nearly 300*l.* collected for the charity.

A history of the campaign of the Duke of Orleans in Algiers, is about to be printed under the sanction and superintendence of the widowed duchess. The work will appear under the name of Charles Nodier; but the principal portion of the text is from the pen of the Duke of Orleans himself. The book will be adorned with numerous plates and vignettes. The duchess destines it for distribution in the army of Algiers.

The museum of the United Service Institution, Great Scotland-yard, has been enriched by the addition of the identical cage in which Mrs. Noble was for six weeks confined. It is roughly made of thick bars of wood, and is so small that the unfortunate captive must have remained during the whole time in a crouching position.

Thorwaldsen, who spent the late Christmas holidays with the poet Oehlenschläger, at Nysoe, is now engaged on a new bas-relief, which he calls "Christmas Joys in Heaven."

"It is curious enough," remarks the *Commerce*, "that M. Marochetti should be commissioned to execute at the same time equestrian statues of Napoleon and Wellington."

It is said that some papers, recently discovered in the royal archives of Salamanca contain unquestionable evidence, that, in the year 1540, an experiment in steam navigation was made in the roads of Barcelona. A ship of 200 tons burthen was set in motion by a machine worked by the steam of boiling water, showing that it might be possible to cross the sea without the help of either sails or rudder. The Emperor Charles, the Crown Prince Philip, and a number of the grandees of the kingdom, witnessed the experiment, and were filled with wonder at the swiftness and lightness with which the vessel glided over the waves. The proposal to apply this discovery to the ships of the Spanish navy was, however, rejected on the score of its expensiveness and danger. Don Blasco de Gavay, the discoverer, was rewarded with an imperial present of 200,000 maravedis.

By the death of the Duke of Manchester, a pension of £2,928, reverts to the Crown.

The British Association will meet at Cork on the 17th Aug.

Lieutenant-Colonel Chesney, the celebrated traveller, who was employed in the Euphrates expedition, and several other important missions, has received orders to proceed to Hong Kong, as commanding officer of artillery. This gallant officer was appointed to the local rank of Colonel in Asia, in November, 1834; and it is probable he will attain the rank of major-general when he assumes the command at Hong Kong, as many officers not ranking so high on the home service have the local rank of major-generals in the East Indies.

The *Press* mentions that a trial of a mode of lighting by means of the new voltaic pile is about to be made, on the Boulevards. It is said that the light is ten times more brilliant than that of gas.

DUPLICATE POETS.—It is a remarkable fact, and one perhaps not very generally known, that there have been three poets of the respective names of Walter Scott, Samuel Rogers, and James Grahame, before the excellent authors of 'Marmion,' 'The Pleasures of Memory,' and 'The Sabbath.' Specimens of their published works may be found in Mr. Southey's 'Later English Poets'; and they all three existed (we cannot say flourished) between the latter part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—the very dark ages of Eng-

lish poetry. Walter Scott was the author of the 'History of the Right Honourable Name of Scott,' often quoted by his greater clansman, Sir Walter; but his verses are very humble. Mr. Samuel Rogers was a parson; and published in 1782, two volumes of ordinary familiar epistles; but they trod very closely, in point of time only, upon our venerable contemporary's first work, the 'Epistle to a Friend.' Mr. James Grahame the first, was a Scotchman, like the author of 'The Sabbath,' and being such, his whole works are preserved in Dr. Anderson's collection of the poets; but, alas! the following passage be not a fair specimen of them, we may venture to say that they will never be read again. The poet supposes it to be debated in heaven how to reward the distinguished virtue of Archibald Hamilton, Esq.

"Shall he at once our happy mansions tread,
From life's low cares and flesh's fetters freed!
Or rather with some kindred spirit know
All that can be conceived of heaven below?
'Tis fixed: and who shall question Heaven's award!
Be Miss Dinewiddie his divine reward."

The quantity of bullion now in the Bank of England exceeds upwards of £11,500,000 sterling, which is a larger amount than for many years past.

Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Hardinge, Secretary of War, has instituted inquiries respecting the expediency of granting to soldiers a free discharge after ten years' service, to encourage a better class of persons to enlist in the army.

SIR ROBERT SALE.—A letter from Ferozepore, dated Jan. 11, 1843, describing the crossing of the Sutledj by the Jellalabad garrison, and their arrival on British territory, says:—The Government have just given Sir Robert Sale a very handsome sabre, with a gold embroidered belt, studded with pearls and emeralds; the blade valued at £100, the handle ivory, a small delicate tassel with a string of pearls at the end. The civilians have clubbed £1 each for the purpose of presenting Sale with another sword, which is intended to be very handsome. I never saw a finer force than the whole of Sale's little garrison was; and they have, from their position, turned out some of the best officers our service has had the good luck to produce. Abbott, who commanded the artillery, proved himself so excellent a gunner that every shot told amongst the enemy. Sir Robert Sale says he hardly knew who to praise most, as every man behaved so well at Jellalabad. The whole army of reserve was drawn up to receive the garrison, while Lord Ellenborough went down to the bridge of boats on the river Sutledj, and stood at the triumphal arch, formed of cloth of the colours of the riband of India—scarlet, yellow, and blue. The boats' streamers at the stern were of the same colours; and no one but the garrison was allowed to cross this bridge. We were all in line, and as they approached each corps presented arms. The advanced guard was composed of a company of the 13th, with trailed arms and very steady step; then each detachment in succession. Broadfoot's gallant sappers followed, whom no one could keep back in action, they tore on like madmen; and eighteen months ago that body was a mere rabble, collected at Delhi, with several active hill-men in their ranks. Then there was a squadron of the 5th Light Cavalry and a troop of irregular cavalry, under Mayne, who has been under continual fire the last four years without a scratch; and the natives think he wore a charmed life, for he was always in the hottest part of the fight; and for his noble conduct he has been made adjutant of the Governor-General's body-guard, to succeed to the command on an expected vacancy. The 13th and 35th closed the grand procession. It did my heart good to see old Sale dismount and clasp his daughter in his arms. How happy he looked with all his honours!

WHITEHALL, April 24.—The Queen has been pleased to constitute and appoint the Most Hon. John Marquis of Bute to be Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

WAR-OFFICE, April 18.—44th Regt. of Foot: Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. P. Stuart, from the 60th Foot, to be Col., v. Gen. G. Browne, dec. 60th Foot: Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. C. Eustace to be Colonel Commandant of a Batt., v. the Hon. P. Stuart, appt. to the 44th Foot.

WAR-OFFICE, April 21.—17th Regt. of Drags: Gent. Cadet J. F. Blathwayt, from the Ryl. Mil. Col. to be Cor., by pur., v. Crawshaw, prom. 18th Regt. of Foot: Ens. H. J. Mason, from the 52d Fco, to be Lieut. by pur. vice Call, prom. 28th Foot: Brevet Lt.-Col. S. J. Cotton to be Lt.-Col., without pur., v. French, dec.; Capt. F. W. P. Parker to be Major, vice Cotton; Lt. Henry Dalton Smart to be Capt. vice Parker; Lieut. F. D. Vignoles to be Capt. by purchase, vice Smart, whose promotion by purchase has been cancelled; Ensign G. Burrell, from the 1st West India Regt., to be Lt. by pur. v. Vignoles.—37th Ft.: C. Gordon, Gent., to be Ens., by pur., v. Wande forde, who rets.—40th Ft.: R. Thompson, Gent., to be Ens., without pur., v. Dawson, prom.—49th Ft.: Lieut. H. G. Hart to be Capt. without pur., v. Gregory, dec.—68th Ft.: Maj. Lord W. Paulet to be Lieut.-Col. without pur., v. Cross, who rets. upon f.p.; Capt. H. Smyth to be Maj., v. Lord W. Paulet; Lieut. E. Macpherson to be Capt. v. Smyth; Ens. S. Browne, to be Lieut. v. Macpherson; R. Verner, Gent. to be Ens., v. Browne. Rifle Brigade: C. P. Pennington, Gent. to be Sec. Lieut. by pur., v. Jocelyo, app. to the Scots Fusl. Gds. 1st West India Regt.: R. D. Fletcher, Gent. to be Ensign, by pur., v. Burrell, prom. to the 28th Foot. Royal Canadian Rifle Regt.: Lieut. J. L. Mortimer, from the 21st Foot, to be Lt. v. Potter, app. Quartermaster of the 57th Foot. Hospital Staff: Staff-Assist.-Surg. W. Odell to be Staff-Surg. of the Second Class, v. Moore, app. to the St. Helena Regt.; Assist.-Surg. J. G. Inglis, M.D., from the 87th Foot, to be Assist.-Surg. to the Forces, v. Odell, prom.

OFFICE OF ORDINANCE April 20.—Royal Engineers: First Lt. G. Wynne to be Second Capt. vice Bordes, retired on full pay; Second Lt. the Hon. W. Napier to be First Lt. v. Wynne.

CANADA AFFAIRS.

If the newspaper press in Canada is to be considered as truly expressing the feelings, and announcing the proceedings of large portions of the community, we are fast approaching to that state of things which prevailed during the late outbreaks. The worst motives and views are naturally ascribed to each of the contending parties; charges of falsehood and violence are met, by the coarsest and most insulting language, and recrimination; acts of violence have occurred at elections and public meetings, secret and hostile associations are formed or are forming, and to political differences are added distinctions of national origin, and excitements to religious discord.

Who does not recollect a similar state of things from 1832 to 1837? The Montreal riots, the Doric club, the *Fils de la Liberté*, the agitation meetings throughout the country, the falsehood, abuse, and excitements to popular prejudices resorted to by the press, both in Upper and Lower Canada, till at length portions of the people came to blows, ending in rebellion against the established authority, the death of numerous individuals, the destruction of property, the ruin of hundreds of families, and the general misfortune of the country.

We trust that the newspapers, at present, misrepresent the state of affairs.—

They are perhaps merely carrying on their *trade*, which greatly depends on public excitements; merely giving vent to their own passions and bad manners, engendered in the heat of competition. It must be confessed, however, that it is a dangerous trade, to a community composed of an ill amalgamated and excitable population, particularly in times of general suffering, when there are many real causes of complaint connected with the constitution of Government and the management of provincial affairs.

The public are able to judge if any benefits have resulted to the community at large, from former dissensions, and the excitements promoted and fostered by the newspapers. As to the conductors of these papers generally, it must be evident to those who peruse their contents, that little is to be expected from their moderation and good sense, and the observance of those rules of behaviour which are expected among educated individuals, and which are necessary to the peace and welfare of society.

The evil may have been encouraged by the interference of the provincial administration with the press, and by the appointment of intriguers, heated partisans, and noisy political brawlers and agitators to office; but it is quite true, as observed in the answer of His Excellency Sir Charles Metcalfe to the Quebec address, "that more depends upon the inhabitants of the Province than upon the Government."—*Quebec Gazette*.

COLONIAL POLICY.

The British Government are getting their affairs with the United States, through Canada, into a position which it will be very difficult to maintain, and which we think they will be willing to exchange for a fair and direct reciprocity. American wheat is to be admitted into Canada for grinding, at the small duty of three shillings a quarter of eight bushels; and the flour made therefrom in Canada is to be admitted into the mother country as colonial flour, under a duty of one to three shillings a barrel. American provisions, also, "which have undergone in Canada the whole of the process required in order to their preservation or curing," will be admitted as colonial provisions. Here will be a fine field for grinding and curing. It is said that already a mill in Canada will grind ten times as much flour as just such a mill on this side of the line, and it will probably be soon the case that a packer can put up ten times as great a quantity of provisions in a day on that side of the line as on this. Whatever proportion of our western produce it is convenient to send down the St. Lawrence, will be easily passed "through the mill," and turned out colonial.

Journal of Commerce.

From the Montreal Courier.

The following important Treasury Order has been handed to us by the Collector of her Majesty's Customs for this Port. The Collector wishes to have it understood that he will act in strict accordance with his instructions, which demand that Provisions cured in Canada must undergo the whole of the process of curing within the Province to entitle such Provisions to be regarded as Colonial produce in the United Kingdom. Considerable quantities of Pork and Beef were shipped from this country last fall, which, in consequence of the decisions of the Lords of the Treasury, will have to pay the Foreign duty. These articles had been previously packed and cured in the United States, and were re-packed in Canada.

Treasury Chambers. March 6, 1843.

Gentlemen—The Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury having had under consideration copies of three Reports from your Board, together with copies of the Applications on which they are founded, from Messrs. Gillespies, Moffat & Co., relative to the terms on which certain Provisions imported from Canada, would be admitted for consumption in this country, forwarded to my Lords through the Board of Trade; I am commanded to acquaint you that my Lords are of opinion that Salt Provisions, which have undergone, in Canada, the whole of the processes requisite in order to the preservation or curing of the article, may, within the terms and spirit of the 5th clause of the Navigation Act be regarded and admitted as Colonial Produce; and their Lordships, therefore, desire that you will give the necessary directions to your officers, care being taken by them to apply the general rule in each case, according as the Goods may or may not answer the terms recited.

I am Gentlemen, Your obedient servant,
G. CLERK.

To the Commissioners of Customs.

A MILITARY EXECUTION WHICH I MYSELF WITNESSED.

The plains of Abraham, near Quebec, were, on the 10th of June, 182—, the scene of a most heartrending spectacle. At daylight, the garrison were under arms to witness the sentence of a general court martial upon a private soldier of the —th regiment, who had been found guilty of desertion, and condemned to be shot.

From the moment that his sentence was pronounced, the prisoner was unceasingly attended by the military chaplain, who spared no pains to prepare his mind for the awful doom which awaited him. The unhappy man had at first entertained some hope of a reprieve, but this was finally dissipated, and he was at last impressed with the conviction that nothing was left for him but to die.

At daylight, the prisoner was marched from the condemned cell, escorted by the officer and soldiers of the guard, proceeded by the band of his regiment; the coffin which was to contain his remains being carried immediately before him. Scarcely had the first strokes of the muffled drums and the first few notes of the 'Dead March' sounded, when five or six young soldiers, who formed part of the guard which escorted the prisoner to the place of execution, were obliged to fall back to the rear, being overcome with faintness. The prisoner himself maintained during his progress the most perfect calmness and self-possession, and marched with an upright carriage and a more steady step than perhaps any one man of the escort which accompanied him. It was, however, observed that, as he approached the spot where his grave was already dug, and by the side of which his coffin was deposited, his countenance became deadly pale. But he speedily rallied, resumed his self-command he had previously exhibited, knelt upon his coffin, suffered his eyes to be bandaged, and awaiting his fate with firmness. The firing party, consisting of twelve men, who had been convicted and pardoned for desertion, was now called out, and the word 'make ready' was given.

At this critical moment, the commanding officer, Colonel Sir Charles Callendar, who had been anxious to give the utmost solemnity to this imposing scene, by forbearing to bring forward the pardon until the last moment, turned round to take it from the adjutant; and at that very instant the prisoner dropped the handkerchief from his hand and some of the file of executioners understanding this to be the signal, fired, and the unfortunate man instantly expired. To describe the agonising feelings of Callendar were impossible; indeed, there was not upon the ground a single man who was not moved by this melancholy catastrophe.

The reader may not, perhaps, be aware that, upon these sad occasions, in order to avoid the feelings of compunction which might, either at the moment or after-

wards, arise in the breasts of any of the firing party, the men to whose lot it falls to form it are not allowed to load their own muskets, but these are handed to them indiscriminately, some being loaded with ball, and others with blank cartridge.

Lord W. Lennox's "Tuft Hunter."

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 7 3-4 a 8 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1843.

Every Postmaster, or any other individual, who will obtain Five new subscribers, and remit \$15, current money, free of postage, shall receive a free copy of THE ANGLO AMERICAN one year.

THE OPIUM QUESTION.

The motion of Lord Ashley in the House of Commons, upon this subject, has awakened the ratiocinative powers of all thinking men, and the subject is now handled commercially, politically, and morally, with great earnestness. It cannot be denied that it is as delicate as it is important, and at least it may be well for the British Government to suspend legislation and weigh general ideas thereon, whilst the matter is actually pending between the Chinese Government and the British Envoy Extraordinary.

Doubtless the highest view to be taken of the question is the moral view. Nothing can be good *per se* which strikes directly at the root of public morals and health, and pretty strong evidence has been given that these effects have been produced in China by the *extravagant* use of Opium there. That a conscientious and patriotic monarch, with his eyes open to the manifold evils of such a system, should desire to put it down, is reasonably to be expected. But on the other hand, to suppose that a trade which has so long been virtually permitted that the enterprise of those who deal in it has sunk millions sterling in the investment, should be put down at one sudden and fell stroke, would argue the intellect of one who had not been able to see many inches beyond his nose. The people of the upper ranks in China are said to use strong language in detestation of this drug, and yet they, in common with the great mass of that densely populated country, are shrewdly suspected of being addicted to it in no ordinary degree. To put the use of it down is certainly the duty of the Chinese government, but it cannot be done instantaneously and by force; and on the other hand whatever we may urge with regard to moral propriety in the abstract, it will be found no easy matter to induce capitalists, who have invested several millions, to withdraw it suddenly and lay it by in their coffers until some other promising speculation shall turn up. Human beings must work by human means, and if the British East India merchants are to co-operate with the Chinese government in the eradication of the evil, let it at least be done by degrees, and not to the evident injury of those who have embarked so largely, upon the confidence of the encouragement which until the late hostilities were manifestly held out to them.

We cannot for a moment entertain the argument that the India merchant ought to continue the trade, because "if he did not others would." Such a system of morality would soon subvert all social security; for then it would become necessary for each person to take dishonest advantages for fear they should be seized by the less scrupulous.

There are few persons better qualified to speak on the habits of the Chinese than Sir Geo. Staunton. He has seen much of the interior, both in city and country, and he states, in strong terms, the evils of the use of opium. This, however, only makes the matter the more imperative on the Chinese side of the question; all that the British can do is steadily to refuse trading in China from Hong Kong, and discountenance as much as possible the smuggling trade; which last will, however, be carried on largely and for a long time, in spite of every effort to crush it.

Of all the crimes superinduced by the cupidity of human nature, these are most to be found which have their origin in smuggling; and hence it is the duty of every honest legislature to suppress the temptation to such a life. Smugglers blind themselves to the unlawfulness of their pursuits, and they are stimulated by the adventurous spirit which it generates. They accustom themselves to believe that they are wronged by arbitrary measures, whenever they sustain a loss, and they encourage each other to revenge upon those who perform a very disagreeable duty. A wise government, therefore, will do well to keep down the evil, not by the strong hand but by the wise act. In the affair of opium, the temptation will be exceedingly strong, and it will be found better wisdom to divert the stream of enterprise than to attempt to oppose its progress.

The colonization question introduced by Mr. Buller, although one of the deepest importance in so dense a population as that of the British Empire at home is quite as much beset with difficulties as the Corn Question, the Poor Laws, or the Opium Trade. Colonization is demanded for the sake of the interests of the numerous poor at home, as well as for the advantage of the British Colonies themselves; but nevertheless its operations should as much as possible be made spontaneous. The only direct modes of action of government should be those of protecting the willing Emigrant both at the sea-board in Great Britain, and at the place of debarkation; and furthermore giving judicious encouragement to industry when the Emigrant goes to a British settlement. Further than these would open the way to *jobbing*, a practice always deemed odious in the abstract, although too frequently practised by the *Ins*, whichever may be party, and narrowly watched by the *Outs*.

One thing is certain, there will be for many a year be a large importation to this continent. The motives for American emigration are so numerous, the distance from the British Islands so comparatively short, and the intercommunications so frequent, that these alone would suffice for a decided preference; but whether Canada or the United States will ultimately be preferred will de-

pend upon the advantages offered severally to them. We have adverted elsewhere to the establishment of a society to assist the Emigrants' first movements here, an institution very greatly needed, and without which the tide of immigration must assuredly change ere long.

IMMIGRANTS.

Already the complaints, but too well founded, against the harpies who every year prey so remorselessly on the poor Immigrant, are heard, and loudly. The sharks and pests of society, who prowl about the neighbourhood of the shipping, have long been notorious for their baleful effects upon the prospects of the poor mechanics, or the labourers, who come to these shores in the hope of finding a comfortable asylum and a sufficient field for their honest exertions. Some of these have with difficulty saved a few pounds wherewith to better their condition here, by commencing with a small capital, others have brought little more than strong hearts, willing industry, and perhaps some skill; but in either case they are sure to be beset by the nefarious haunters of the shipping in which it is customary for Emigrants to embark, who fasten like leeches on the unsuspecting strangers, pretend to advise and assist them, ascertain how much they can draw from them, and finally cast them off when no more is to be had.

This is neither a casual nor an overstrained complaint; that it has existed long may be gathered from the continued remarks of the New York journals for many a year, and that the abuses are both grievous and increasing, may be equally manifest by observing the streets and boarding houses (!) along the banks of the rivers which skirt this city. Many years ago an intelligent and philanthropic gentleman, who was aware of the villainous practices upon the ignorant and uneducated classes that form the great bulk of the Emigrant population, voluntarily and gratuitously opened an office for the purpose of affording advice and direction to them, and according to the limited operation of his individual means he effected much benefit; nor did the ingratitude of many whom he served induce him to abandon his benevolent design. But his office was inconveniently situated, the course of city improvement also operated against it, and he was obliged to give it up. The assiduity and energetic firmness of that gentleman, whose name (Mr. Joseph Jennings) ought to be held up in continual laudatory remembrance, were proof against both the ingratitude of the obliged and the malevolence of the designing; but since he retired from his good work there has been neither individual nor association inclined to follow his excellent example, and therefore, now, the city, the state, the whole country, is suffering under the odium of *robbing the poor*, although an institution or association might easily be established, to counteract and prevent the system of blood-sucking, at present so disgraceful.

Not more than a few weeks ago, we remember that some attention was called to the subject by the publication of the constitution and action of a benevolent association for these purposes at Boston. The plan was one suggested by Thos. Colley Grattan, Esq., British Consul at that city, and it was readily adopted and acted upon by a number of the most influential gentlemen of that place. It is producing the most beneficial effects, and reflects the highest credit upon both Mr. Grattan and his coadjutors. With a similar intent several gentlemen of this city met at the Mayor's office; the matter was discussed, an adjourned meeting reconsidered it, and a committee was appointed to make the draft of a constitution for an association of the same kind; when—will it be believed?—a gang of those wretches whose pillage would be lost by the introduction of so salutary an institution as this was proposed to be, forcibly obtruded themselves upon the Committee in the midst of their labours, broke up the meeting with insulting clamour, and since then nothing more has been done in the matter.

But we trust that so holy a cause as the protection of the annual thousands who come to take up their abode here, and contribute to the public weal by the industry and skill which they bring with them, will not be abandoned. We would fain believe that it is only the bustle of the annual elections, and the subsequent confusion of moving, that has postponed this good work. If it was wanted in Boston, and has resulted *there* in good, how much more in the city of New York, to which more Emigrants repair than to all the other cities of America put together. To the city authorities in particular we would say that, in justice to the community over which they immediately preside, they are bound to give every protection and assistance to Emigrants who wish to leave the seaboard and settle themselves down in those parts of the interior where they can be really useful to others as well as contribute to their own advantages; and, to all we would point out how consequent is crime to poverty and distress. The poor people whose protection we humbly advocate, if stripped of their little all by the artifices of the rapacious and dishonest, can neither go forward into the interior nor back to their own country. "To beg they are ashamed," nor indeed would they find the necessary relief. Dishonesty is their only resource, and the press too willingly lends its aid in proclaiming that the "offender is an Englishman," "an Irishman," &c.

In connection with our subject, we give a communication sent to the Journal of Commerce on Tuesday last. The evil there complained of is but a minor one in the black catalogue that might be given, yet it is of itself sufficient to move the sympathies of those who wish well to their fellow-creatures.

Messrs. Editors,—I observe by the Albany papers, that the cruel and oppressive system of robbery and plunder practised upon the unsuspecting Emigrant has commenced. I allude to the hordes of passage runners that infest our city, representing themselves as the Agents of responsible Transportation Companies, charging and obtaining enormous prices for the passage of the emigrant, who, in many instances, on his arrival at Albany can find no such concern; and rather than return here to seek redress, he pays his passage over again, and proceeds on his way.

And even the system sanctioned and sustained by some who claim to be respectable and honorable men, is not less unjust and onerous upon the poor emigrants than the other, and calls loudly upon the City authorities, and the various

Emigrant Societies, to interpose some measures that will at least give the Emigrant information that he can be carried to Buffalo, or any other given point in the interior, at less than half the price now charged by the runners. These harpies make an arrangement with some one or more of the Canal lines to take all their passengers at a given price, say from two to three dollars each to Buffalo,—they charging the passengers from five to ten dollars per head, and putting the surplus into their own pockets. In this way, at least fifty thousand dollars per annum is filched from these poor creatures.

I will venture to assert, that in no civilized country can there be found a more extensive and organized system of robbery and wrong. EMIGRANT.
May 8th, 1843.

At present we are but recalling attention to that which we trust has been but temporarily suspended; and we have the confident hope that the city authorities, the foreign Consuls, the merchants of this city, and all who are influenced by the philanthropic wish to protect, advise, and assist their brethren, whilst they are forwarding the best interests of the country at large, will speedily resume their benevolent purpose, and establish an association whose objects are so important, so pure, and so beneficial. For our own parts, in our journal we shall ever use our best efforts in its advocacy, and our columns will be frankly open to any feasible means that may promote its operations.

The principal officers of several Insurance Companies in this city, together with nearly three hundred of the principal merchants, have addressed a letter to Commander A. S. Mackenzie, congratulating him upon his acquittal in the affair of the mutiny on board the *Somers*, and the consequent punishment which he had found necessary to award thereon. In the letter the parties enter feelingly and strongly into the reflection of the danger, as well as national disgrace arising from mutiny in national vessels, and pay a forcible compliment to the commander for the promptness with which he suppressed the dangers in his own vessel, as well as the example which he set to the service. If the number and quality of the signers be a test of the importance of a document, the letter to which we allude must be highly estimated by Commander Mackenzie.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—We are sincerely glad to mark that this house has increased audiences, and that the drama evinces promises of better times. The "Grandfather Whitehead" of *Placide* is alone sufficient to bring thousands for many a night. Mr. Hackett has played a very short engagement here, which he terminated on Monday evening with his benefit. We note this the more particularly because on the occasion Mr. Wm. Wheatley, so long a member of The Park establishment, came on from Philadelphia and played *Prince Henry* to Hackett's *Falstaff*. We have ever been the staunch assertor of Mr. Wheatley's great professional abilities; but they were not appreciated here, because the New York public, accustomed to see him from a mere boy, and originally indifferent actor, have not taken the pains to watch his advancement. He is now a deservedly valuable artist, and he had the satisfaction of being called out to receive the warmest plaudits, in the place which was the cradle of his genius. Long ago we ventured our advice that he should leave The Park, wander forth *anywhere*, and get shaken up with the members of his profession generally. He has done so, at length, and he appears among us with his talents appreciated.

Mr. Harry P. Grattan was announced to make his *début* here on Thursday evening, in the character of *Hamlet*. We have heard this gentleman highly spoken of as an artist in the higher walks of the drama; but really, the town has been of late so *be-Hamleted*, that we could not resolve to encounter it again, much as we admire the character. Our readers will perhaps excuse us, therefore, if we postpone our remarks on this to our new actor till next week.

BOWERY THEATRE.—This house is doing a very satisfactory business just now, as regards the numbers of its audiences; but the prices are ruinously low, and we trust, for the sake of both the actors and the drama itself, there may shortly be a salutary rise therein. The staple at present is the much admired "Henri Quatre, or Paris in the Olden Time." It is well cast, and we need hardly say well propertied, costumed, and so forth.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The manager is working up his old catalogue of pieces, and a formidable one it is in point of length; but it is equally admirable in that of value. He has ample material of excellent quality to carry him through the remainder of the season without commencing the labours of any new rehearsals. By the bye, the recent concerts in the city have given opportunity to shew the value of certain members of his orchestra; Mr. Marks his leader, Mr. J. A. Kyle his flautist, Mr. Jacobi his double bassist, and Mr. ——— his principal bassoon and horn player, have exhibited talents of high order, and Mr. Mitchell deserves much praise for the liberality with which he supplies such artists to his establishment.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—Mr. Forrest and Miss Clifton are playing an engagement here; we need scarcely add, to capital houses.

Concerts.

These entertainments are occurring almost nightly; and yet, so great is the taste for them, or so warm is the patronage which musical artists are thought to deserve, that the rooms are well filled upon each occasion. On Friday evening, the 5th inst., there occurred

THE FAREWELL CONCERT OF SIG. NAGEL.—This took place at the Apollo Rooms, which was certainly crowded to repletion for the purpose of hearing the last strains of that distinguished violinist, before he quits this continent, perhaps for ever. Since we first witnessed the exquisite execution of this artist we have continued to be impressed with the conviction that he was unmeasurably at the head of his profession in America. His style is a quiet and subdued one; hardly ever does he break out into passages that are astounding, but all is so smooth, so pure, given with such feeling, and his stop—no matter what

may be the interval—so perfectly true, that it seems to be as easy as children's play, and yet who can do the like? We shall not dwell upon his *pizzicati*, with the left hand, for that is no more than an agreeable trick, nor his mixture of bow and *pizzicato*, for that also is trick, though requiring great precision. He does not practise those tricks further than to shew how versatile are the powers of the violin—that monarch of instruments. His most pleasing performances are those of the *Harmonics*, in which he touches to perfection.

We regret to think that we have heard the last of him, and indeed it was but a voyage in search of health that brought him to these shores. Such artists as he do more service in refining the taste than all the scrapers of difficulties that can be brought together. We bid him farewell, and wish him prosperity and happiness.

MR. JOHN A. KYLE'S ANNUAL CONCERT took place at the Apollo Room on Monday evening, and was well attended. This should ever be the case at a concert given by Mr. Kyle, who to sound taste and fine execution as an artist joins the manners and conduct of a gentleman. Mr. Kyle is also remarkable for giving the true tone of the flute, whether in the upper or lower notes of the instrument; and produces a ringing as well as elastic expression highly pleasing. His *obligato* accompaniment to "The Wanderers," very prettily sung by Mrs. Horn, was well played, but too near the orchestra, it predominates too much; but his Solos were capital, particularly the last, which consisted of variations of a fine old Irish air in a minor key. The *Pot Pourri* for six hands, was charmingly played by Messrs. Timm, King, and Alpers, but the effect of such arrangement is not good, the qualities of the several points are so similar, that after all it is but playing the piano with full harmonies in the composition. We were most agreeably surprised on hearing the Concertante Duet between Messrs. King and Marks, for we had no idea that the latter artist had so great a degree of either the power, feeling, or execution, which he threw into his part. It was a complete gem, and did him immense credit. The affair of the Cornet à Piston was disgraceful, not merely from the want of respect to the audience—for that is usual and we believe he cannot help it—but the performance itself was coarse, falsely enunciated, slurred over, and cut short. Mr. Aupic will have to try a different mode of procedure; he will find shortly that this won't do.

MR. ROSIER'S CONCERT.—This also took place at the Apollo Room, on Wednesday evening, and, from the nature of the bill, as well as from the professional merits of Mr. Rosier, it ought to have been the best attended of any during the season. But see the predominance of fashion over taste! The artist is a lion in the musical world, and therefore his qualities are disregarded. We looked in vain for the *distingués*, the *élites* of the city; we looked equally in vain for those who have the reputation of musical criticism, the *dilletante*, and the fosterers of the art. There was a good body of audience, but Mr. Rosier must not expect reward from high quarters until by some trickery he shall have accomplished notoriety. Mere taste it seems won't do.

The opening piece was Beethoven's Pastoral symphony, a composition worth travelling a hundred miles to hear. We confess we cannot praise the performance of it on this occasion, very highly, for the members of the orchestra did not seem to have the necessary confidence, and moreover the instruments were not in tune. Mr. Scharfenberg played Variations on the Pianoforte in his own style, that is to say divinely; so did Messrs. Timm and Alpers in a fourhand performance; Mr. Marks played first a solo on the violin, and afterwards took part in a duet with Mr. Rosier, the latter artist playing the contra basso. On these occasions Mr. Marks displayed very high skill and feeling, his bow hand, in particular, was exceedingly good, but his stop was not so certain as could be wished. Mr. Rosier touched the huge instrument in a masterly manner, but he somewhat wanted force. They played a "Corelli" movement that was quite refreshing to old recollections. The overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Mendelssohn, and the "Jubilee" overture by Weber, were both given in very good style and were much applauded.

In the vocal department, Mrs. Horn sang "The Wanderer" with great sweetness; she was accompanied by Mr. J. A. Kyle on the flute, and the piece was loudly encored. But we come now to the crowning beauties of the entertainment. These consisted of three MADRIGALS, sung in the course of the evening by about fifteen vocalists. This class of vocal performance is one to which we have sedulously endeavoured, through another medium, to call the attention and encouragement of those who love music. Its melodies are always sweet, simple, and quaint, and its harmonies are characterised by the richness of their combinations as well as by their points and peculiarities. These were exquisitely given on Wednesday evening, the vocalists having evidently practised long together. The only deficiency in them was, that the soprani were not powerful enough for the bassi. We trust that henceforth we shall hear many a fine Madrigal, and sung with thirty, fifty, sixty voices. One of those which were sung on Wednesday is upwards of 320 years old, and each of the others is of nearly 250 years existence.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Rosier has evinced a sound taste in his preparations for a feast, and that his love of the racy and the quaint is highly creditable to him both as a musician and as an amateur.

* * We had almost omitted, and it would have caused us much regret, to notice the splendid performance of Mr. Bley on the violin, at his Concert on Thursday evening. There are in the city at present two artists who excel on that master instrument, Messrs. Nagel and Bley, and these are so completely distinct in their styles that it is impossible to institute a comparison of their merits. The former is neat, smooth, highly polished, yet subdued in character; the latter is delighted in conquering difficulties, and in this he is highly successful. Mr. Bley's concert was numerous and well attended, and he richly deserves the patronage he received.

We have just learned that Sig. Nagel, in conjunction with Mons. Nourrit, the celebrated tenor singer, and assisted by Mrs. Loëer and Mr. Timm, will give a concert at Niblo's Saloon on Tuesday next. All the world will be there of course.

Fine Arts.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

[Continued.]

101. Alleghany Scenery, New River Cliffs; by R. Gignoux. This is a splendid landscape, and has been taken from an eminence. The vanishing point is half way up the field of the painting; the mountain range is perhaps thrown too far back from the foreground, but the mists, shadows, and lights are very tastefully thrown in; the foreground itself is forcible and well filled up;

and the Indian figures on the point of rock are not only in fine relief, but give also a tasteful and peculiar effect, as an incident, to the picture.

102. Souvenirs of Scenery, on Canoe Creek; by V. G. Audubon, A. Excellent *souvenirs*, and we should like to fall in with many such. The artist here has had a latitude for his ideas, which painting upon the spot would not have allowed him; and whilst remembering vividly the wandering stream and its rapid course, the peculiar foliage and the accessories which belong to the district he so happily remembers, he can safely resort to his elegant imagination and "improve upon nature." This painting is a fine one though on so small a field of canvas.

107. Portrait of Mr. Kerschelt; by C. G. Thompson. This is a capital and very spirited likeness.

116. Morning, near Sing Sing, looking over Tappan Bay, North River; by R. Havell. This view is happily chosen, being rich and romantic, although not sublime in its features. It has been taken from an eminence, and therefore carries its back ground to a fine distance. The perspective is well kept, and in order to make the *story* of the picture interesting, it is made the subject of gathering in the Apple crop, and the groups are well disposed.

117. Landscape, Winter; by T. Cole, N.A. We little expected that we should have to make exception against anything from the pencil of this able artist; but in all candour we must say that the parts of this composition do not harmonise. Its general warmth of tone but ill agrees with the deep snows which characterise the season and occupy the labours of the groups which are there introduced. In short the several parts are very good but they have no right to their present association.

132. Portrait of a Gentleman; by W. Page, N.A. We know not who is so fortunate as to own this likeness, but there is an air of verisimilitude about it which, if true to nature as we believe it to be, must render it of high value. The fine, thoughtful, expression, does not appear exaggerated or extravagant; and the chiaroscuro is very finely preserved.

144. Head; by T. Sully, H. This is a composition, and it is bold and sketchy, but with most masterly strokes. The face, which is of a female, is full, warm, and voluptuous, particularly the mouth. The expression is that of thought.

154. St. Peter liberated from Prison by the Angel;—sketch for the large picture painted for Sir Geo. Beaumont; by W. Alston, H. The sketches of a master are commonly quite as interesting as the highly wrought picture. The earliest ideas on the subject are there to be found, unmodified by after-thought; and it often happens that in works of the imagination the first thought is the best. The attitude of the Peter, and the expression of his countenance, are most happily and affectingly given; the irons with which he was bound unclasping themselves and merely hanging open upon his limbs, tell the story entirely, and the grace and dignity of the angel-liberator are finely given. Then the bold touches of the artist just indicating the effect intended, are matters of great interest to the attentive examiner.

159. Scene in the Susten Pass, Switzerland; by A. B. Durand, N.A. Grand, is the epithet most applicable to the Swiss scenery in general, and it is particularly so in the present instance. Mr. Durand, in all the Landscape pictures by him this year, has evinced pure and exalted taste in his selections. The everlasting and almost ubiquitous Mont Blanc is a fine feature in the background of this subject; and its perpetual snow-capt summit contrasts beautifully with the warmer tints of the fore and middle grounds.

163. Full-length Portrait of W. H. Seward, Esq., late Governor of the State of New York; by E. Mooney, N.A. This is a very striking resemblance of Ex-Governor Seward; not only in feature, but in the mild and thoughtful expression of countenance peculiar to that gentleman. Though a large painting there is nothing gaudy or glaring in the filling in of the canvas.

164. Agrigentum, in Sicily; T. Cole, N.A. This is an admirable picture; the colouring is exceedingly warm, almost to glowing, the temples and ruins particularly so, but as the landscape retreats into the back ground the tints soften into rich grey. The atmosphere is clear and pure.

165. View of New York, taken from the Staten Island Steam Boat; by R. Gignoux. The drawing of this view is very correct, the water is finely put in with respect to both colour and wave, the grouping of vessels, boats, and figures make the subject lively and interesting, but the colouring of the city is faulty. The sky also is liable to the exception which Peter Pindar used to take against certain of the London Academicians, its clouds are somewhat "like flying apple dumplings."

172. The Retreat to Fort Necessity, June, 1754; by J. G. Chapman, N.A. As an incident this subject is forcibly handled, but as a landscape it is altogether too obscure, and the dull green prevails too greatly in the colouring.

199. Portrait of Col. W. R. Johnson; by H. Inman, N.A. We would not pass by this excellent portrait, as that would be unfair to the distinguished talents of the artist; but the plates engraved from it have been so largely disseminated throughout the Union, through the publication of "The Spirit of the Times," that all the world—so to speak—are as well acquainted with the picture as we are.

200. Portrait of a Gentleman; by W. Page, N.A. We fancy that few among the thousands who visit the exhibition will fail to recognise here one who for scientific knowledge and for conversational powers has few equals in the United States. Professor J. J. Mapes stands before us in all the exactitude of his peculiar expression of features. The man is visible as it were his real self, without exaggeration and equally without any modification of his usual aspect, and we stand, as we have often stood, ready to receive important practical information, or to listen with shaking sides to the bursts of humour from his inexhaustible stores. The artist deserves immortal praise for the spirited and faithful likeness which he has exhibited.

211. Portrait of a Gentleman; by W. Page, N.A. The style of execution which is characteristic of this picture causes it to deserve the title of an artistic gem. There is a brightness and brilliancy about it altogether peculiar; the hair of the head and whiskers, which is of a reddish auburn, actually glitters, and yet there is nothing to startle the judgment. We observed many visitors attracted towards this singular painting, and some of the more curiously observant returned to refresh their minds upon it again and again.

215. Sketch from Nature; by R. Gignoux. The subject of this painting has not anything remarkable about it; but the object has great peculiarity. It is that each touch of the brush finishes the part where it is laid on; one touch suffices, and the artist hereby exhibits his intimacy with colours, as well as with his experience of effect. There are several of these single-touch paintings by the same hand; for instance, Nos. 270, 273, 290, 291, 292, 293, and 294.

216. Landscape View in the Simmenthal, Switzerland; by T. Cole, N.A. This is another of the very tasteful positions of grand view seized by the artist; Mont Blanc again figures in the scene, and wheresoever it appears at all it seems to be near the person that looks on it. The green foreground, and the lofty peaks in the middle ground, render this a highly picturesque and romantic view.

218. Magdalen; by J. Whitehorne, N.A. A good composition; the countenance is tender and contemplative; the hair—as it seems conventionally the fashion to make it—is yellow. The usual (almost) anachronism of a crucifix in the hand is to be found here also; but although such a memorial is rather premature, so soon after the death of the Saviour, its introduction is admirable in helping to tell the story of the picture.

226 and 251. Portraits, by W. Wilson. These, together with the Nos. 76, 173, 184, and 219, are by a very promising but not hitherto well-known artist. We mention them, not as being works of high merit in art, but as having the elements of art in them, and because we fancy we can perceive that Mr. Wilson will, in time, take an elevated position among the professors of portrait painting.

American Summary.

We learn that Daniel Webster resigned the office of Secretary of State; and that

Hugh S. Legare, Attorney General of the United States, is appointed to be Acting Secretary of State for the present.

Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, is appointed Minister and Commissioner to China, in the place of Edward Everett, who declined the appointment.

TEXAS—MEXICO.—By the latest arrival from Texas, we have been furnished, through our private correspondents, with information of an interesting character. It is now certain that the governments of the United States, of England, and of France, have joined in remonstrating against the predatory war carried on by Mexico against Texas. The instructions of the United States Secretary of State to Gen. Thompson (our Minister at Mexico) are quite explicit in declaring the war, as conducted by Mexico, to be contrary to the laws of nations. Mr. Webster asserts the undoubted rights of Mexico to re-subjugate Texas, if she can, by the common and lawless means of war; but that other nations are interested, more particularly the United States, in the manner in which the war shall be conducted.

Col. Johnson is to make a visit to the New England States by invitation, in the month of August.

LONG PASSAGE.—The British bark Commerce has arrived at Boston, after a passage of eight months, from Glasgow, Scotland, from which place she sailed on the 12th of Sept., 1842. She put back twice, and finally sailed from Cork, on the 28th Feb., 1843. When a month out, she encountered a severe gale, in which she lost sails, spars, &c.,—was obliged to throw over part of her cargo—and finally reached port on the 9th inst., leaking 8 inches per hour.

THE MISSION TO CHINA.—A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette says that John Tyler, the President's son, will accompany Mr. Cushing to China, as private and confidential Secretary.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—All the members of the House are heard from except two, viz: one from Braxton and Lewis, and one from Randolph, both of which districts last year sent Locos. The result is 59 Whigs and 73 Democrats elected. Loco majority, 14. The Whigs will most likely gain one of the two remaining districts, in which case, the full house will be divided—60 to 74. Senate 12 to 20. Joint ballot, 72 to 94. Loco majority on joint ballot 22.

Congressmen—3 Whigs, 10 Locos, 1 Tylerite; and the Norfolk district still in dispute. Thomas W. Gilmer's majority is 21.

We understand that the instructions of the French Cabinet to their Minister in Mexico are more peremptory and decided than those of the United States or British Governments; and from the position assumed by those powers, the impression is gaining ground in Texas that the contest is drawing to a close.

We learn from our private correspondence, that the Commissioners of Texas, who arrived in New Orleans a few days before the sailing of the Texian fleet, had instructions from President Houston to demand the vessels of war from Commodore Moore, and to apply to the United States authorities for aid in taking possession of them, in case the Commodore refused to surrender them. They had likewise a proclamation from President Houston denouncing the expedition as piratical and unauthorised by government, in the event the vessels could not be taken. Com. Moore, we are informed, intimated to the commissioners that he would proceed to Galveston and have a talk with the President upon the matter, which induced them to keep quiet until he got ready to go to sea. One of the Commissioners went on board the *Austin* with the Commodore, thinking to have a pleasant trip to Galveston in a Government vessel; but we learn through a gentleman who also set sail in the *Austin* for Texas on a matter of business, that the Commodore informed him at the Balize that if he was anxious to get to Texas soon, he had better get on shore, as he did not expect to be there himself in a hurry. The gentleman took the hint and left the ship—the Commissioner is in all probability at this time in Campeachy. The Commodore apologized to the gentleman for not having informed him at New Orleans that he did not purpose sailing for Texas, saying that it would not be prudent for him to have disclosed his destination at an earlier period.

We learn also, that the last packet carried out an official notification to Judge Eve (our Chargé in Texas) of his recall, and the appointment of Wm. S. Murphy in his place.—N. O. Bee, April 28th.

COMMODORE MOORE.—The N. O. Bulletin learns that "the statement in the

Bee, that President Houston had directed the commissioners of the Texian government to declare the expedition upon which Commodore Moore recently sailed to be unauthorized and piratical, was probably founded upon false information to our contemporary. There is reason to believe that he had tacit permission at least, if not the direct sanction of the Texian government."

WHO READS AN AMERICAN BOOK?—The Commercial Advertiser answers this question by stating that the packet of the 4th of March carried out for John Murray, the well known London bookseller, 1250 copies of Stephens' Incidents of Travels in Yutacan, published by the Harpers. By the Britannia they received an order for 750 copies more, which were shipped on Thursday last; and in addition to all these, Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have sent 250 copies to their house in London—making in all 2250 copies. Of the Incidents of Travels in Central America, London has taken nearly 4000 copies.

Mr. Murray writes to the Messrs. Harper that at the trade sale in March, when only half a dozen sample copies had been received, he took orders for 700 copies, and between that sale and the writing of his letter, he had received orders for 800 more.

Five hundred ladies of Mobile have petitioned the authorities of that city to levy a separate and fixed tax upon all unmarried men there. There seems to be a fixed determination on their part to drive the bachelors there to commit either matrimony or suicide.

RUSSIAN HOUSE IN WINTER.—As in other countries clocks and timepieces are considered indispensable pieces of furniture, so here two thermometers are equally indispensable to the comfort and convenience of the inmates of every house. The one, attached to the outer frame of the double windows, which are also universal in this country, marks the external cold; the other, suspended to a wall, or placed in an ornamental form upon a table in the drawing-room, marks the degree of warmth within doors. The scale of Reamur is the one used in this country, and some hundreds of thousands must be manufactured in the capital; for not only is every house supplied, but often every room in the house is furnished with them. Upon quitting the bed, the first step is towards the window, to ascertain the degree of cold without, by which many movements of the day are to be regulated; and those who take pleasure in meteorological observations are provided with register thermometers, by which they not only ascertain the degree of actual cold, but learn what it has been during the night; for there are generally a few degrees of difference in the night and day temperatures. This transit from the warm bed to the freezing window is not made through cold space, as it would be in England, making the reader shiver and shake at the very idea; for the drawing-room, the parlour, the hall, the staircase, and the bed-room, are all of the same temperature in a Russian house. The Russian does not undress in an agree-fit, as in a bedroom at Christmas in England; he does not jump into bed, and smother himself under a heap of blankets to bring on the hot stage, nor does he rise in the morning with any idea of finding the water in his jug frozen. His bedroom is warmer in winter than in summer; and, instead of adding to the number, he generally abstracts a blanket in the winter season from his bed. As he finds the degree of cold marked by his thermometer externally, so does he understand how to clothe himself when he issues from his warm hall-door. There are three degrees of comparison in the warmth of clothing,—the schenelle, or warm mantle; the bekeche, or English great coat, lined throughout with warm fur; and the schube, or large mantle wrapper, lined with a coarser fur than the bekeche.

Life of a Travelling Physician.

APARTMENTS AND BOARD.—Very superior accommodation with entire or partial board, in one of the finest situations in New York, may be obtained by addressing a note to X, Box No. 189, which will be immediately attended to. The house is not a boarding-house. May 13-3t.

THE NEW YORK LEGAL OBSERVER is published every Saturday, at No. 42 Ann Street, New York, and contains Reports of Cases decided in the Circuit and District Courts, Sittings in Admiralty, both civil and criminal, the Assistant Vice Chancellor's Court—the Superior Court, and the Court of Common Pleas. Also, all the recent decisions of importance in the English Courts—Practical Points—Remarkable Trials—Sketches of the Bench and Bar—Legal Appointments—Obituary—Miscellaneous, &c. &c. The terms are one shilling a copy or \$5 per annum, in advance.

SAMUEL OWEN, Editor and Proprietor.
Volume I. of this work is published, handsomely bound, price \$3. This volume contains all the important cases in Bankruptcy. May 13.

A. & E. S. HIGGINS,
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[May 6-5t]

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Joseph Mason, Publisher, New York; Otis, Broaders & Co., and W. H. S. Jordan, Boston; W. C. Little, Albany; J. R. Pollock, Philadelphia; N. Hickman, Baltimore; W. H. Berrett, Charleston; W. T. Williams, Savannah; Joseph Gill, Richmond; John Nimmo, General Agent for Canada. April 29.

TYPE AT REDUCED PRICES.—GEORGE BRUCE & CO. Type foundry, at No. 13 Chambers-street, near the Post Office, New York, have on hand an unusually large stock of their well-known Printing Types, Ornaments, Borders, Rules, &c., of the best metals, cast in original matrices, and very accurately finished, all of which they have determined to sell at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Placing the Book and Newspaper fonts as follows:—

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Printers of Newspapers who publish this advertisement with this note three times before the 1st of June, 1843, and send one of the papers to the foundry, will be entitled to payment of their bill on buying four times the amount of it. April 29-3t.

TO THE PUBLIC; OUR PLATES.

We take pleasure in informing our Readers that we have, in almost a finished state, a superb Aqua-tinta engraving of His Majesty

LOUIS PHILIPPE, KING OF THE FRENCH,

which we purpose publishing in a very few weeks. The portrait is acknowledged by good judges to be a capital likeness, and the engraving is in the hands of a highly approved artist. The size of the Plate will just allow the copy to form an embellishment to the first volume of THE ANGLO AMERICAN, but it will be given upon paper large enough to make a magnificent engraving for framing.

We are also happy to announce that a magnificent full-length

PORTRAIT OF THE IMMORTAL WASHINGTON,

has been for several weeks in hand and will shortly be completed. The plate represents the illustrious subject as in the attitude of a speaker, and is full of expression. The style of the engraving is a recent and highly effective combination of line, stipple, and mezzotint, which gives uncommon softness and delicacy to the *tout ensemble*, and we fully expect that it will be pronounced a perfect gem of the artist from whose *burin* it will proceed. That so splendid a subject, upon so large a scale (viz., twenty-four inches by sixteen) may be every way worthy of public acceptance, the utmost pains and enquiry have been taken in the selection of an engraver. It will be ready in the course of a very few months.

From the very great expense incurred in producing this splendid engraving—by far the largest and most superb that has ever been issued from a Newspaper office—it is obvious that it can only be presented to such subscribers as shall pay one year's subscription *in advance*.

N.B.—Postmasters in the United States are by law permitted to forward subscriptions for Newspapers, free of expense.

POSTSCRIPT!

TEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE GREAT WESTERN IN TWELVE DAYS AND A HALF.—DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—BIRTH OF A BRITISH PRINCESS.—NEWS, &c. &c.

The *Great Western Steam Ship* arrived here yesterday morning, after a passage of only 12 1-2 days from Liverpool, being the shortest voyage from thence to New York that has ever been made. She has brought 64 passengers.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—The death of the Duke of Sussex, who expired at his apartments at Kensington, on Friday, the 21st inst., about half-past 12 in the day, has excited more than ordinary attention. The Journals most opposed to the liberal politics of the Duke, express the highest respect for his amiable and independent character, and a becoming estimation of his scholarship and attainments. His Royal Highness Prince Augustus Frederick was the ninth child, and fifth son of his Majesty George the Third, and was born the 27th of January, 1773, being consequently seventy years and about three months old at his death.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, April 25.—This morning, at four o'clock, the Queen was delivered of a Princess. At nine o'clock the Park and Tower guns announced the joyful event to the inhabitants of the metropolis, by a double royal salute of forty-two guns.

THE STEAM SHIP GREAT BRITAIN.—It is now fully expected that this wonderful boat will be launched at Bristol in the month of June next. She is intended to sail between Liverpool and New York.

Parliament met after the Easter holidays on Monday, and, the following night Sir Robert Peel entered into a somewhat detailed explanation of the reasons which frustrated the commercial treaties with Portugal and Brazil. The failure of Mr. Ellis' mission to the Brazils is considered, by the trading community, as a national calamity.

After the United States, Brazil is England's best customer; hence the fear of having its markets closed against us.

The discussion of the right of visit, or the right of search—has been revived with vigor, contingent upon the arrival of Mr. Webster's de patch to Mr. Everett, which came to hand on Tuesday. Mr. Webster adheres to his views, and the British Government, depend upon it, will adhere with no less pertinacity to theirs. But the question, after all, is rather abstract than practical; and, with the honesty of purpose which Mr. Webster claims for the United States in putting down the slave trade, cannot be productive of any collision.

THAMES TUNNEL.—From twelve o'clock on Saturday up to the same hour on Monday, 28,642 persons went through the Tunnel, and since the opening, upwards of 320,000.

CHINESE RANSOM.—On Monday six waggons arrived at the Royal Mint with upwards of one million and a quarter dollars worth of Sycee silver, being the last moiety of the first instalment, namely, 5,000,000 dollars of the Chinese ransom.

The sales of Cotton for the week ending April 28th amount to upwards of 26,000—more than 4,000 bags per day. The better qualities of American are steady, but inferior descriptions have receded nearly an eighth. Further advice from the United States relative to the weather for sowing the new crop are looked for with some interest.

SHIPWRECK OF THE AMERICAN SHIP HEWES.—On the 17th inst., the fine American ship Hewes, from New York to Hull, was wrecked on Goodwin Sands. Within twenty-four hours after striking, she was engulfed in the sand; she broke her back. The value of the ship and cargo is reported to be at least £9,000. The crew of the Hewes was taken off by the Deal boatmen.

FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* publishes the details of the marriage of the Princess Clementine of Orleans with Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, which took place at the Palace of St. Cloud.

SPAIN.—The question of the prolongation of the minority of the Queen was beginning to be agitated. The *Castellano* contains a letter from Saragossa of the 12th, stating that the Ayuntamiento and national militia of that city intended to present a petition in favour of that project to the Cortes.

Prince Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte had arrived at Cadiz.

PORTUGAL.—The last accounts from Lisbon announce that the negotiations relative to a commercial treaty with England, are for the present at an end. Lord Aberdeen adhered resolutely to the ground which he took four weeks since, and rejected, as of too unsatisfactory a nature to be entertained, the last proposition of Portugal. The British Envoy has been directed peremptorily to break off the negotiations—"interrupt" is the official word.

TURKEY.—A letter from Constantinople of the 7th says—"Russia has at length declared openly. The mystery that enveloped her projects has been dissipated. No doubt now remains that she is determined to ride rough-shod over the Porte, and to impose her conditions on the Sultan, as if the Emperor were already undisputed master of all the Christian provinces upon the right Danube bank, and the Porte a mere subordinate.

INDIA.—Calcutta papers to the 5th March, inclusive, have been received, they are destitute of political intelligence. Lord Ellenborough was still at Agra, whither he had proceeded from Delhi, on receipt of the intelligence of the late Maharajah's decease.

BRITISH AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

The brig *Barbados*, which left London some time back, under the sanction of the "British American Association," for Prince Edward Island, has returned to London, having turned back on the voyage; and some of the aggrieved emigrants, acting under the advice of Lieutenant Lean, the Government Emigration Agent, have brought the case before the Lord Mayor. They procured summonses against Mr. Henry Feetwell, the master, and Mr. Duncan Campbell, the owner of the brig, and one of the Directors of the Association; who appeared at the Mansion-house on Wednesday. Mr. Feetwell was first examined; and he gave a very clear account of his share in the proceedings—

"He had been engaged at Gravesend to take command of the vessel to Prince Edward Island; and he sailed from the Downs on the 1st November, 1842, with 50 passengers, men, women, and children. When the vessel reached 42 West longitude, she encountered heavy winds and seas; and was so dreadfully battered as to be obliged to put back to the nearest eligible port, which was Cork—a distance of about 1,300 miles. On the 22d of December she reached Cork, where she remained until the 9th of April, when she sailed for London, leaving behind her in Cork some of the emigrants, but bringing to London about thirty of them, who were at that moment lodging and boarding in her in the London Docks. They arrived on Sunday last. He had not received a farthing of money from any passenger, nor had he received a farthing of pay since he joined the vessel. He had caused all the repairs to be done to her in Cork. No reasonable complaint could be made as to the provisions, which were abundant and unexceptionable. The repairs, however, went on very slowly, for the agents in Cork began to suspect that they could not easily procure remuneration for their outlay. In the mean time, the British American Association sent to him to state that the vessel must sail on the 20th March; and he made every preparation in his power, when he received an intimation that she was not to proceed. He paid off the ship's company at Cork; and consequently had on board only the mate, the steward, the emigrants, and himself. Had they not met with such severe weather, they would certainly have made the passage. Mr. Soames, who had a mortgage on the vessel, was in possession, and he had put a ship-keeper on board.

Mr. Campbell was next examined—He was sole owner of the *Barbados*, subject to the mortgage to Mr. Soames for £375. [Sir John Pirie afterwards said that the ship was now mortgaged to Messrs. Leslie and Smith.] The principal managers of the British American Association were Sir Richard Broun, Sir Wm. Ogilvie, and Dr. Rolfe. The ship was chartered by him to those three commissioners to take out emigrants to Prince Edward Island; all most respectable men, but not very rich, of course. They engaged him to provide the emigrants, at £8 per man, and half price for children, with food and passage out. He provided the ship by a contract with Messrs. Leslie and Smith, the extensive provision-merchants, with meat, bread, flour, &c. at £2 10s. per head. Every thing that was requisite for the voyage was, according to the act of Parliament, most abundantly supplied. The cargo, which was valuable, was bought upon credit; but now the Association is broken up altogether, and he had never received a farthing. He had lost the ship and every thing else; and it was impossible for him to fulfil the original contract. The Lord Mayor referred to a list of the Association, comprising the names of a Duke, fifteen Lords, and nearly forty Baronets. Mr. Campbell replied—"The Association is completely broken up. There have been several executions put into the house in Bridge Street; and, owing to what passed at the Mansion-house in October last, the Duke of Argyll, the President of the Society, has resigned. There are actions at this moment going on against the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Downshire, and Sir James Cockburn." The Lord Mayor—"How much of the million capital has been paid up?" Mr. Campbell—"None at all. [Laughter.] Nobody paid up at all."

The Lord Mayor—"Pray, Mr. Campbell, how many shares did these noble-men and baronets take?"

Mr. Campbell—"None at all. [Laughter.] The Duke of Argyll and Sir James Cockburn were the only two out of the whole list who signed their names for shares. They signed for shares to the amount of 500l each."

The Lord Mayor—"And with this 1,000l. you start the Association?"

Mr. Campbell—"It was started long before I had anything to do with it."

Mr. George Henley and Mr. Taylor, two of the emigrants, stood forward, and said that their object in bringing the case before the Lord Mayor was to ascertain who was responsible to them. Mr. Taylor said that he had actually paid 50l. for the voyage, for himself and his family of eight children. He added—"I am reduced to pauperism with my large family, and cannot afford to employ a lawyer. I have not only lost my passage-money, but I have been obliged to expend the money I had put together to apply to the purpose of labour, in the cultivation of the land I expected to have held."

The Lord Mayor—"I suppose you would still go to Prince Edward's Island, Mr. Taylor."

Mr. Taylor—"I should not wish to go without coming to a more clear understanding as to the power of the Association. I understand they have not an acre of land in Prince Edward's Island."

The Lord Mayor—"What! no land there? Is that the case, Mr. Campbell?"

Mr. Campbell—"Not a single acre, my lord." [Great laughter.]

Dr. Rolph made his appearance on Thursday, and offered proof that he was not one of the three "Commissioners" who chartered the *Barbados*, but that Mr. Campbell was; the Commissioners being Sir R. Broun, Sir W. Ogilvie, and Mr. Campbell. Dr. Rolph had declared his unqualified reprobation of the arrangements respecting the *Barbados*, which were made during his absence from England.

Yesterday, Mr. Nettleship, of the firm of Palmer and Nettleship, of Trafalgar Square, solicitors to the Duke of Argyll and Sir James Cockburn, waited upon the Lord Mayor, and handed to him a letter, in which the solicitor denied that their clients had taken any active part in the proceedings of the Association.

NIBLO'S OPERATIC SALOON.

SIG. NAGEL'S FINAL GRAND CONCERT, united with MONS. NOURRIT, the celebrated Tenor Vocalist, and Professor at the Conservatorio of Paris, on Tuesday Evening, May 16th, at Niblo's Operatic Saloon, assisted by Mrs. EDWARD LODER, Mr. TIMM, and other eminent artists, which will be further announced.

Tickets 50 cents, to be had at the principal Music Stores, and in the evening at the door. Doors open at 7, to commence at 8 o'clock. For programme see small bills. (My 13-It.)